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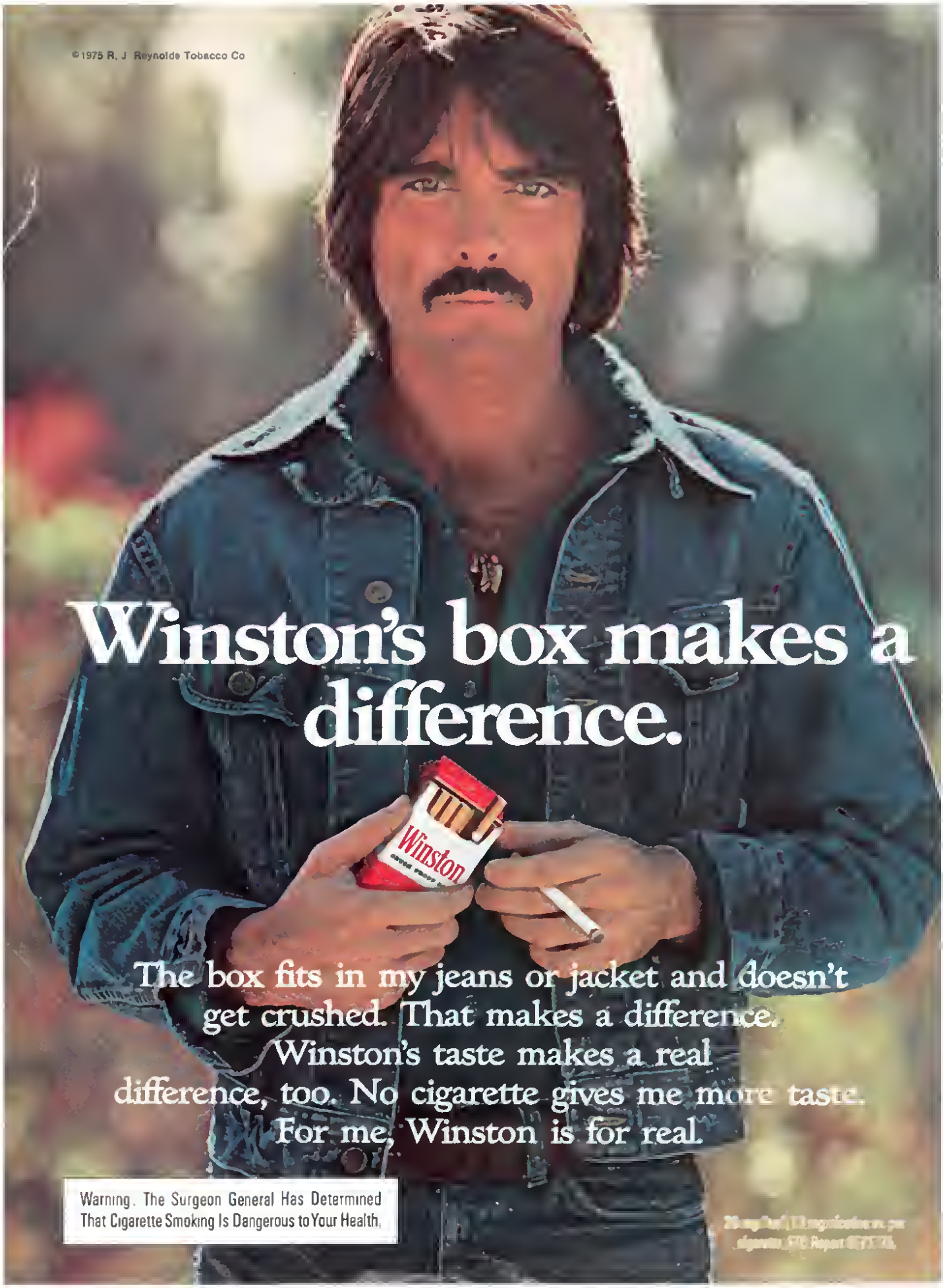
FEBRUARY 2, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

THE GAMES OF WINTER



U.S. Olympian
Sheila Young

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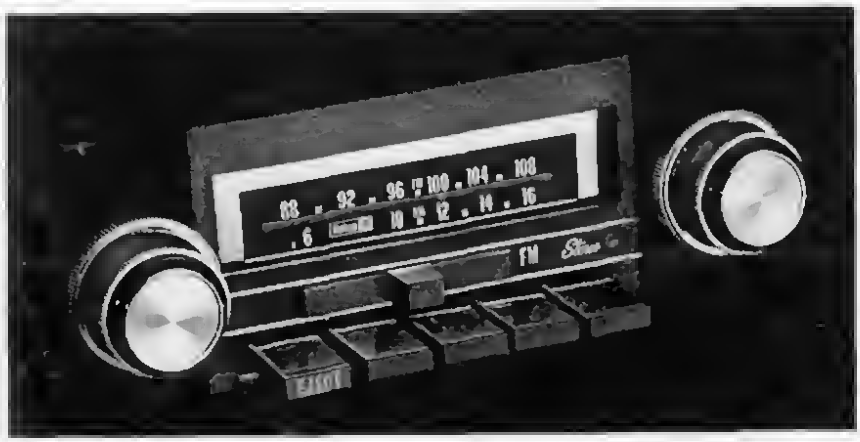
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You get GM quality in your new car. Get it in your sound system with Delco.

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Next Week

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY has its limits, and *Robert F. Jones* will be at the *Daytona 24-Hour* to see it NASCAR-style stock cars will be able to stop Porsche from scoring its fifth straight win.

CHILLY PHILLY hosts just about all the world's best tennis players, with *Jimmy Connors* seeded in the top spot for the U.S. Professional Indoor Championships. Curry Kirkpatrick is at courtside.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue at year end, by Time Inc 541 N Fairbanks Ct Chicago Ill 60611 principal office Rockefeller Ctr NY NY 10020 J R Shapley President E P Lenahan Treasurer C B Bear Secretary Second-class postage paid at Chicago Ill and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept Ottawa Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the U.S. $18.00 a year

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PHOTOGRAPHY

by NEIL LEIFER

AMATEURS HAVE AS GOOD A SHOT AS PROS TO GET PICTURES AT INNSBRUCK

If photography is one of your pleasures, you may never get a better opportunity to shoot memorable sports pictures than in Innsbruck Feb. 4-14. The Winter Olympics are in many ways the most photographically satisfying major sporting event. Most occasions of this sort put the spectator at a disadvantage. Only pros working on assignment for a major publication or wire service are in the front row at the big title fight, permitted to roam the sidelines at the Super Bowl or seated right behind first base at the World Series. When an amateur wants to photograph such events, he has to shoot from his seat, which seldom is as close to the action as he'd like.

But in Austria you will find the exception. At most competitions (for figure skating and hockey you must be seated) you will be alongside the accredited pro or at least close enough to capture action nearly as good as that which will appear in the morning papers.

Keep your equipment simple. If the sun is out, use Kodachrome 64, the only other film you need is high-speed Ektachrome daylight. The latter works well in dark and overcast weather and in the indoor arenas, which are balanced for daylight film. If you want to shoot black and white—the games are so colorful one wonders why you would—Tri-X will do for everything.

The ideal camera is a single-lens reflex. While your normal lens will do, a 105- or 135-mm lens is even better. In some places a 200-mm lens would help, but you can do well without it. If possible have your camera and lenses winterized. This is a simple procedure done by most camera repair shops: the oil and other lubricants are removed and a substance such as graphite (which has a much lower freezing temperature) is substituted. Incidentally, no adjustment has to be made to camera or lenses the following summer.

Cold weather can make film brittle so that it breaks or cracks when loading. This problem is averted by carrying a hand warmer along with your film. The hand warmer will also do wonders for your frozen fingers. Once loaded, keep your cameras inside your parka when not shooting. While you can adjust quickly from the cold to the warmth of a car or the restaurant atop the hill, your lenses and cameras cannot. A change in temperature from cold to hot will cause them to sweat, and only time (sometimes as long as half an hour) will clear them. Once both lens and viewer are free of moisture, clean them with lens tissue, and you can begin shooting.

Here are my tips for getting the most out of each event: *Opening Ceremony*—You're stuck in your seat, but that probably is as good a spot as any. The ceremony is full of color, and the parade of nations alone can exhaust your supply of film. In Sapporo the flame was skated in by a lovely girl dressed in white, gliding slowly and gracefully. It was a dazzling moment and, photographically speaking, there wasn't a bad seat in the house. *Alpine Skiing*—If you ski well, you can pick your spot on the hill. In the downhill and the giant slalom most spectators remain near the lift or at the bottom of the hill. The skiing photographer can go out to the course early and ski down the side to find a choice spot. You are likely to end up just as close as you want, probably right next to the photographers from *Stern* or SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The slalom is a little tougher to prepare for, since nonskiing spectators can hike up the side of the course. Get there early, find a good location and wait. Don't accept more than one drink (you probably will be offered many) because while spirits are warming, they disturb your focus. *Cross-Country Skiing*—How can you miss? Hike or ski through the woods until you find your spot. You'll be close enough to touch the racers. *Bobsled and Luge*—Look for a position opposite one of the high-banked curves. And try panning—a nice smooth pan, shooting when you reach the midpoint of your pan—at a slow shutter speed, 1/60th, 1/30th or even 1/15th. This could produce your best shots of the Games. *Ski Jumping*—Easily the most visually exciting event, so stand as close to the take-off point as possible. A 105- or 200-mm lens will bring you close enough to get excellent pictures of the jumpers soaring somewhere between Innsbruck and Munich. *Speed skating*—Best bet for a U.S. gold, worst bet for good pictures. Get close enough to fill the frame with the skaters coming straight toward you. This is best done away from the finish area, where you would be competing for elbow room with the pros. Panning may also help. *Figure Skating and Hockey*—You're stuck in your seat here, so just do the best you can. Your exposure should be about 1/250 at f2.8 when shooting down toward the ice. *Closing Ceremony*—You may not have any film left, but if you do, this is a good opportunity to shoot pictures of your friends, since you probably forgot to turn the camera on them during the previous two weeks.

On your way home you'll likely pass through Munich. Pick up a few bottles of Doornkaat, serve it with a Bavarian beer chaser, and the party at which you show your slides will be a winner. END

BOOKTALK

by RICK TELANDER

CURL UP ON THE BED OF THE OCEAN WITH YOUR WATERPROOF BOOK AND THE FISH

A review of a book like *Fishwatchers Guide to West Atlantic Coral Reefs* (Harrowood Books, Valley Forge, Pa., $6.95) must emphasize function as much as content. On the cover of this 64-page, multicolored plastic—yes, plastic—volume with text by Charles C. G. Chaplin and illustrations by Peter Scott are instructions to "take it with you underwater." On the back cover is a photo of a submerged skin diver seated at a blob of brain coral, calmly perusing the book.

The 23 plates illustrating more than 180 species of reef fishes are fun and are arranged in basic groups—eels, puffers, blennies, frogfish and others. Short, air-conserving captions go with each fish, though some phrases may send those prone to underwater laughter gurgling toward the surface.

Readers are advised that the blackbar soldierfish can usually be seen peeking from its hole, frequently with a "crustacean on its forehead" and the redtail parrotfish is inclined to "squat on the bottom." The wily indigo hamlet can be found "slinking about the reefs in a very deliberate manner."

But forget all that, because if a book like this doesn't hold up under field conditions it isn't worth a beached Caesar grunt, regardless of writing and content. "Grease-proof," "tear resistant," "waterproof," "washable," it claims. All right, let's see.

Not having any suntan oil or bearing grease within reach, I rubbed the contents over my breakfast plate and found them resistant to bacon fat. Trying to tear the thing is nearly hopeless, a sort of rippled stretch being the net result short of hernia. With no ocean handy, I submerged the book in 18 inches of tub water, sprinkled in some salt and observed through two milk glasses. The view was a bit distorted, like looking through marbles, but the book was waterproof.

As for the "washable," I preferred not to make a special trip to the laundromat, but to wait several days for a full load of laundry. And that's where I am now, children screaming around me, waiting for the final rinse in No. 17. There. The light just turned to amber. Hold on. We should know in less than a minute. . . . END


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MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

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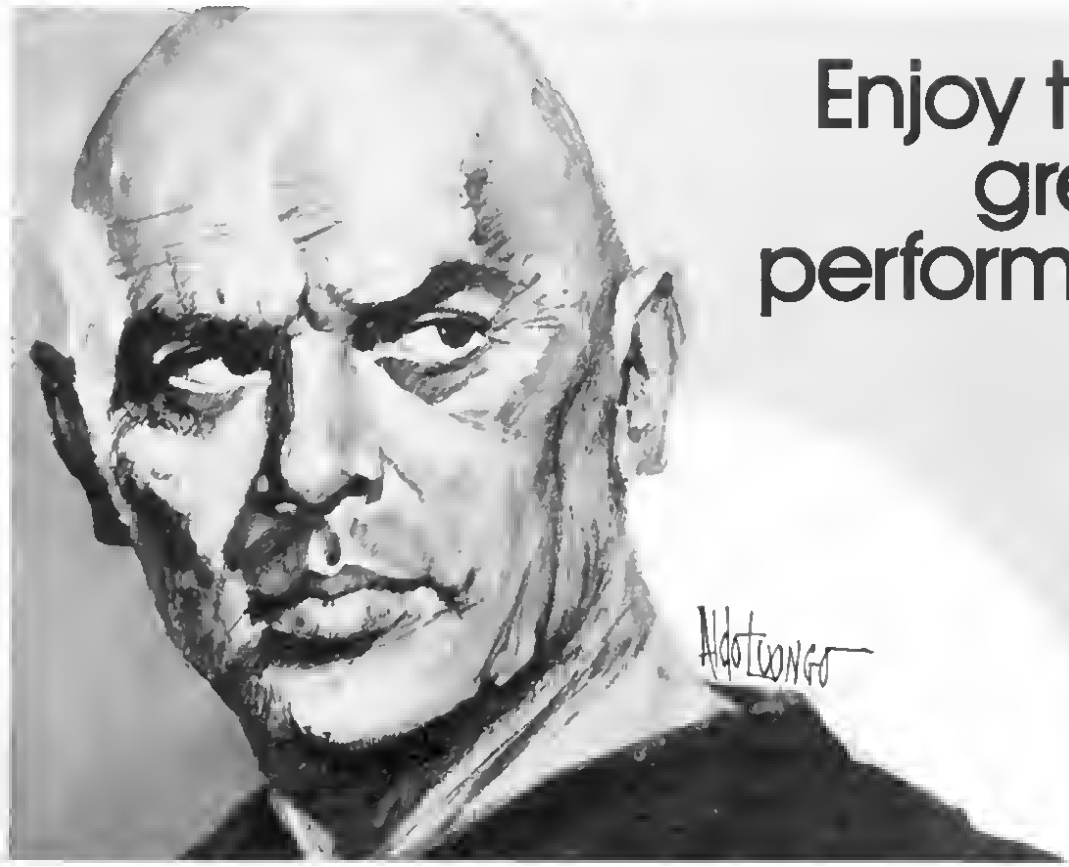
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

ROUGHNESS COUNTS

The Philadelphia Flyers squelched the Russian Central Army hockey team with a combination of highly sophisticated defense, opportunistic offense and sheer physical intimidation. The Pittsburgh Steelers defeated the Dallas Cowboys in much the same way. Ignorant admirers of these championship teams tend to think of their force and violence as the only things to emulate, not their sometimes exquisite skills.

This reverence for plain brute strength has become widespread, and not just in football and hockey. Grace and coordination, the hallmarks of the superior athlete, are too often subordinated.

It is therefore satisfying to report that an effort to reverse this trend, at least in college football, appeared last week when the NCAA's football rules committee adopted stricter rules against "spearing" an opponent with the helmet and more stringent penalties against roughing the passer. Theoretically, a defensive player cannot charge into a passer after he is out of the play, but the question of when he is out of the play is up to the officials to determine. Contact after the ball is thrown is condoned so long as it is a continuation of a legitimate effort to get to the passer, but too often the defense takes liberties with that license and gets away with it. On TV, for instance, you will see a quarterback face the rush of defensive linemen and throw the ball before they quite reach him. The cameras switch downfield to the intended receiver and defensive backs racing for the pass. And then, so many times, the cameras return for a shot of the quarterback struggling to his feet as the announcer chortles, "Boy, did Choptank unload on Flipper that time!"

The Choptanks of football are seldom penalized for this and (before the new rule) almost never if the pass is completed, because the completed pass is usually worth more in yardage than the penalty from the line of scrimmage. Next season, however, the 15-yard penalty for taking the passer apart will be measured from the point the play reaches. On a touchdown the penalty will be imposed on the subsequent kickoff.

It isn't total protection for the passer, but it does call attention to the problem and may serve to deter uninhibited aggression by the defense. It will also remind officials to keep a closer eye on the situation.

In any case, score one for the good guys.

DON'T TOUCH!

Basketball, too, was told last week to knock off its tendency to resort to the purely physical. John P. Nucatola, the NBA's supervisor of officials, sent a memo to his referees, with copies to coaches and general managers, telling them to crack down on hand-checking. Hand-checking is not in the same class with walking up and down on a quarterback's chest, but it does introduce deliberate physical control of an opponent to a sport that technically does not permit such action. NBA rules do allow some hand contact between defensive and offensive player, but a foul is called if an official feels the defender is actually restraining his opponent.

Obviously, there is a fine line between touching and restraining, and Nucatola's memo came down strongly on the side of strict interpretation. "Hand-checking must be stopped," the memo read. "It leads to pushing, pushing leads to shoving, shoving leads to elbowing or more violent retaliation. Stop it and stop it now. I don't care if you have to call 100 fouls in a game. If they are there, call them. We must prevent any action which may lead to a rough game. . . ."

Some coaches and players expressed astonishment, even indignation, at the memo, but Nucatola's views remained unchanged. "Under our rules," he says, "a defensive player is allowed 'tactile contact.' I've been trying to get that rule off the books for years. The college rule is clear against contact. Why can't the NBA play the same way? And I don't think it will mean more fouls. The players won't need two games to adjust. They'll need about two plays."

COUNTDOWN

A list of some of the Lion of Flanders' opponents has come to light. The Lion, you will recall, is Jean-Pierre Coopman, against whom Muhammad Ali will risk (so to speak) his heavyweight crown in Puerto Rico Feb. 20. The Lion has already devoured Bernard August, Ermelino Finotti, Ferene Kristofczack, Kilani Ramdani, Horst Lang, Siegfried Ackers and Liffoko Abibobele. It might be pointed out that Muhammad Ali has beaten none of these.

Unfortunately, the Lion's record is not pristine. He has lost decisions to Rudi Lubbers and Harald Skog and was knocked out by Ireno Werleman. Ali, skulking off to Africa and the Philippines to meet Foremans and Fraziers, has fought Rudi but has yet to confront Harald and Ireno.

AIDING THE ENEMY

One of the oldest college football rivalries is that between Williams and Amherst in Massachusetts. Alumni from the two "Little Ivy" schools are often close friends, and bets among them on the outcome of the big game are common. Williams, which has dominated the competition in recent years, whomped Amherst this past autumn 25–6, and sometime later the Williams alumni office received the following from an Amherst graduate:

"Enclosed, for the fourth tedious year, is my check for $25 to the Williams Alumni Fund. This is getting so regular that I am sunk in gloom at the thought some running back in this year's game may have been partially subsidized by me."

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Even among Ilie Nastase's volatile tennis adventures, last week's $60,000 WCT-Atlanta Phoenix Cup matches had to be something special. During a quarterfinal match Nastase had words with Chair Umpire Natalie Cohen. Miss Cohen, one of the few women ever to umpire a men's tournament, was later quoted as saying Nastase's on-court antics cost other players money. The Rumanian star took exception to the remark and was upset to hear that Miss Cohen was scheduled to umpire the finals.

"I don't play if lady umpires," he de-

continued

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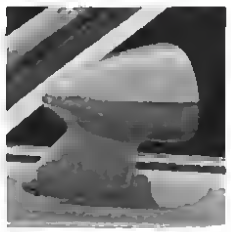
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cleared. "I go to movies and have a few beers. I lose maybe $17,000 [the winner's purse] but I don't play if lady umpires. She is one of officials. They can't say things she said in newspapers. She thinks she is good woman. But I don't think she can say these things."

Miss Cohen replied, "I am the umpire for the finals. It was set 10 days ago. Beyond that I have no comment."

Things appeared to be at an impasse, but Nastase's agent, Mark McCormack, hurriedly sent an associate, Bud Stanner, to help tournament officials soothe the ruffled Nastase and solve the problem. A few seconds before the final match was to begin, Nastase and Miss Cohen came on court together. Miss Cohen took a microphone and Nastase knelt in front of her. She handed him a sheet of paper and he held it up for her to read.

"Mr. Nastase," she said over the microphone, "I offer my apologies for any misunderstanding we may have had regarding any comments attributed to me. My position as an umpire is to conduct each match in a manner fair to all players involved. I have done so for the past 35 years and always will. I look forward to an excellent final singles match." She handed Nastase four slightly wilted carnations. He accepted them.

Nastase then routed Jeff Borowiak 6–2, 6–4 to win the tournament, after which he presented Miss Cohen with a bouquet of flowers and kissed her. Said Stanner, "He was really upset by this. He's trying to build a new image."

The new image lasted all of three or four days. Then, in the $50,000 Baltimore International at Catonsville, Md., Nastase complained about Lineswoman Grace Gardner, got her removed from the match, shouted at other officials, screamed at the crowd and cursed in both Rumanian and English. This time there were no flowers.

A YEN FOR LEO

Now that the Japanese have offered to pay Leo Durocher a substantial portion of the treasures of the Orient to manage a team this year—the assumption being that the Durocher genius will bring his team untold success—it is time to ask how well other Americans have done on the far shores of the Pacific.

The answer is: not so hot. Japanese visitors to baseball meetings in the U.S. this winter indicated a distinct disappointment with the players they have so far received. A newsletter about Japanese baseball says one of the biggest flops was Dave Johnson, who so recently starred at second base for Baltimore and Atlanta. Johnson, who tied the major league record for most home runs by a second baseman (42) when he played for Atlanta in 1973, batted .197 in Japan and drew unwelcome attention by striking out eight times in a row, something no Japanese batter had ever done.

Marty Kuehnert, who represents a Japanese sporting goods manufacturer, says part of the trouble may be that baseball in Japan is now better than Triple-A ball in the U.S. and only a step below American major league standards.

"American players who go over to Japan can't believe that," Kuehnert says. "Most of them are in terrible shape, and a lot can't make the adjustment. They have trouble socially, they don't like the food, they can't understand the language." Only Gail Hopkins, Roger Repoz and Bobby Marcano, hardly household names in the U.S., have really come through in Japan.

But now there may be Leo. He's 70, and the fires in his soul may be banked by time. Even so, he could be the most significant visitor to Japan since Matthew Perry. Shake 'em up, Leo. *Banzai!*

PRIME CHOICES

While Pittsburgh Steeler fans bask in the glow of a second straight Super Bowl victory, Chicago Bear fans mutter in discontent. "Look," a Bear fan will tell you, "in 1969 the Bears had a 1-13 record. So did the Steelers. Look at them now and look at us. And then go look at the players they've drafted since 1969 that we *could* have drafted."

Because the Bears and Steelers had the worst records in the NFL in 1969, they flipped a coin to see which would get to pick first in the postseason draft. The Steelers won and selected Terry Bradshaw. Chicago traded the No. 2 pick and its right to pick first in the second round. The players the Bears received in return did little to revive the once mighty Monsters of the Midway. Pittsburgh continued to draft and found Ron Shanklin and Mel Blount.

In 1971 the Bears drafted heavily but were trumped every time. They took Joe Moore in the first round, Jim Harrison in the second; the Steelers got Jack Ham in the second. The Bears took Charlie Ford, Tony McGee and Bob Newton; the Steelers then selected Gerry Mullins. The Bears took Jerry Moore; the Steelers followed with Dwight White and Larry Brown. The Bears went for Les McClain and Larry Rowden; the Steelers picked up Mike Wagner.

In 1972 the Bears had two draft choices in the first round; they took Lionel Antoine and Craig Clemons. The Steelers, picking later, got Franco Harris. And on round two they selected Gordie Gravelle.

In 1974 the Bears went for Waymond Bryant and Dave Gallagher in the first round, both good players; but the Steelers, drafting later, selected Lynn Swann and in the second round chose Jack Lambert. Later, after the Bears came up with Wayne Wheeler, Greg Horton and Clifton Taylor, the Steelers selected John Stallworth.

It can't all be luck.

THE ATHLETES

Part of the Steeler success in the draft is supposed to be the club's penchant for choosing the best available athlete, regardless of what position he plays. Whether this is actually the way the front office approaches the problem is not known for sure, but how about this for evidence: Bradshaw, as a high school javelin thrower, set a national scholastic record of 244′11″. Swann, as a high school long jumper, won the California state championship by beating out James McAlister, who later at UCLA jumped better than 27 feet, and Randy Williams, who in 1972 won the long jump gold medal at the Munich Olympics.

BOWLING ALONG

And, to finish with the Steelers and their successes, the *Los Angeles Times* wonders if Swann has set a record for successive bowl appearances. He was in the Rose Bowl (with USC) in 1973 and 1974 and in the Super Bowl in 1975 and 1976.

THEY SAID IT

- Chris McCarron, champion jockey, idled by an injury: "I've gained a pound and a half. I consider that getting fat."
- Bob Hope, pondering an off-fairway shot during the Phoenix Open Pro-Am: "I'd give up this game if I didn't have so many sweaters."
- Homer Rice, on being named head football coach at Rice: "When they said they'd name their stadium after me, I couldn't turn it down." **END**

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 2, 1976

HI, BEN, WHERE YA BEEN?

Following a meteoric debut in 1973, Ben Crenshew plummeted to earth, but last week's stellar performance in the Crosby was a sparkling comeback

by DAN JENKINS

The first important golf tournament of the year produced a bizarre combination of glamour and comedy last week as Ben Crenshaw finally did what he was supposed to have been doing all along, which is be blond and talented and a winner, and Jack Nicklaus did what he never does, be blond and immortal but suddenly out to lunch. When the last sparkling ray of sunshine had glanced off the last heavenly chunk of real estate known as Carmel Bay, Crenshaw had won the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am that everyone expected Nicklaus to win, and Nicklaus, or someone posing as Nicklaus, had shot, in order, a 45 on the back nine at Pebble Beach, an 82 for the final round and, possibly, himself.

There were two stories on this Crosby Sunday. One was Crenshaw, who had come into professional golf a little more than two years ago as the greatest thing since push-button windows and had won his very first tournament—and then had not won anything since. It was Crenshaw who went out on the demon Pebble in the last round trailing Nicklaus, the 54-hole leader, and a couple of other guys by as many as three strokes, and fired a superb three-under 69 for a total of 281 and a two-stroke victory over an unknown named Mike Morley.

It was Crenshaw who overcame a poor opening round of 75 with a blazing 67 on Cypress Point the second day and a splendid 70 on the hated Spyglass Hill the third day. Then, with his relentless closing round on Sunday, he just kept on doing the thing that seems to have restored his game: hitting the ball hard, trying not to guide it and striving to forget his catastrophe at Medinah in the 1975 U.S. Open.

When Crenshaw reached the 17th tee at Pebble Beach on Sunday with a two-stroke lead, he thought about the shot he had hit into the water at Medinah in the U.S. Open last summer when it looked as if *that* was to be his comeback.

"Yeah, they're both par 3s," he said. "I thought about that. I took a five-iron. I figured I couldn't hit a five-iron far enough to reach the ocean."

He did reach a bunker, and he had an ugly lie, but he dug it out beautifully and then made a tough four-foot putt to save his par.

"It sure feels good to win, especially on one of the greatest courses in the world," Crenshaw said afterward. "I guess I'm the only 24-year-old around who's had to make a comeback."

If Crenshaw's game has been improving steadily, Nicklaus' game disintegrated suddenly Sunday and in various silly ways. It got so absurd that finally even Jack started laughing. He was only one shot out of the lead when he stood up to an approach shot at the 400-yard 13th. What Nicklaus would do, of course, was make a birdie or two from there in and win as usual. Wrong. He hit some kind of wild iron off down a hill left of the green, tried to run it up the hill and saw it roll back down, rolled it up again, and then three-putted for a triple bogey. A few other things happened to him between there and the 18th but they don't compare to his grand finale.

ABC-TV spent the weekend going off the air when fascinating things were occurring in the Crosby, so the world did not get to see Jack's finishing birdie at Pebble on Saturday, the one that gave him the tournament lead, and it did not get to see all of his triple-bogey eight on the same hole Sunday.

Here is how you make an eight on the same hole where you can make a four. You try to reach the green in two, but hook the ball into the bay instead. You drop a ball and, now shooting four, you hit it into a bunker up by the green. You hit a poor bunker shot and then you three-putt again, giggling over the last one from about one foot. There it is, from first place to 18th in a few hours.

The Crosby can be subdivided into several tournaments in addition to the one the pros themselves are playing and the one the pros and amateurs are playing

continued

Under pressure, Crenshew proved equal to the demends of the rugged Crosby courses.





Designer Ceselni fashioned few good shots.

THE CROSBY *continued*

together. With such a strange assortment of amateurs invited to what for years has been called Bing's Clambake, there is always a chance to select winners in a variety of categories. And although the longtime image of the Crosby is that of a tournament in which the pros are teamed only with movie stars, the stars are beginning to be outnumbered by athletes, business types and friends of friends of friends.

For example, last week there was something you could call the quarterback category, with John Brodie, George Blanda, Charley Johnson, Jacky Lee, Ralph Guglielmi and even Nicklaus' old pal and ex-Buckeye Pandel Savic taking part. Brodie had to be rated low quarterback, no matter what his team did, because he is a scratch golfer, forced to play with no handicap.

And there were other contests. Low show-biz star had to be thrashed out by the likes of Glen Campbell, who had a beard and the same wild golf swing, Clint Eastwood, Pat Boone, Mac Davis, Vic Damone, George C. Scott and Efrem Zimbalist Jr. Low baseball player was contested among Johnny Bench, Jeff Burroughs, Rollie Fingers and Tommy John. Low rich guy was difficult, but it was probably Mickey Van Gerbig of Palm Beach, who had only a one-stroke handicap and yet played so well that he and Crenshaw were contenders for the Pro-Am prize right up to the finish. This isn't easy with so many amateur thieves roaming the premises.

Other honors that could be claimed among the amateur field—or "friends of Bing," as they are called—were: low race driver, Roger Penske; low cartoonist, Hank Ketcham; low father-in-law, Nick Popa, whose daughter is married to pro Ed Sneed; low Crosby son, Lindsay, edging out 14-year-old Nathanial; low astronaut, Captain Gene Cernan; and low sport coat, Robert Roos Jr., the haberdasher.

In the old days the Crosby amateurs were almost exclusively friends of Bing, whether they were in motion pictures or not. As the event grew larger, all kinds of guys began showing up, some by begging and pleading for invitations, some by being closely associated with a top pro, as is the case with Bob Hoag of Columbus, Ohio, who always teams with Nicklaus. Hoag is not a bad player in warm weather, but the Crosby comes at an inopportune time for someone who resides in the cold Midwest and hasn't touched a club in a while. Jack described Hoag's game at this Crosby as, "He's 1 for 14 from the foul line."

Three relative newcomers to the Crosby Pro-Am division attracted their share of attention last week. They were Johnny Bench, who was contending for low catcher; George C. Scott, who had low general wrapped up; and Oleg Cassini, who was certainly the low designer.

Bench said he got an invitation because he asked "the right people," and he added that it helped to be "some sort of a celebrity." Like Scott, he was unlucky enough to be teeing off very close to and playing the same course rotation—Cypress Point the first day, Spyglass Hill the second, Pebble Beach the third—as Nicklaus. That meant they had galleries they really didn't want, being out of their natural elements.

"Some of Jack's crowd would drop back and check up on my trick shots," Bench said. Bench dressed the part. He wore a monogrammed pink sweater one day and color-matched greens and checks another. And although he has a 7 handicap and a home run tee shot that has a temptation to wander, he made three natural birdies at Spyglass, and hardly anyone ever does that.

"I'm a competitor," Johnny said, closing the downstairs bar in the Del Monte Lodge one night. "I probably get less nervous and bothered by the galleries than other guys here."

Bench paused happily between shots every time he was asked to sign an autograph or pose for a picture with folks in his gallery. He said he had never had a golf lesson, hadn't been playing all that long and never even picked up a club until he joined the Cincinnati Reds and started playing in the off-season. Celebs get a lot of help in the Crosby. In Bench's case the people would holler "foul ball" if he hooked one or "home run" if his drive was straight. And there was this wonderful moment at Spyglass on Friday when he thought his tee shot was lost in the woods only to have a couple of fans in different parts of the trees each throw a ball out in the fairway, hollering, "Here it is, Johnny." Like the honest competitor he is, Bench laughed and picked up on the hole.

George C. Scott did not look like a golfer; in fact, he did not even look like George C. Scott, wearing a floppy white tennis hat most of the time. This was only his second Crosby. Off and on, he has played the game for about 10 years, but never regularly. He works too often. He had just come from filming a movie in Hawaii, *Islands in the Stream*, and resting at his home in Connecticut. He remained pleasant enough as his shots soared into Carmel Bay, but there were occasions when he seemed to be tired of hearing one of the conservatives in the crowd shouting, "Tell it to go in, General," as if *Patton* were the only film he ever made.

Scott gave his golf game a review. "I like my fairway woods and my chipping," he said. "Overall, I'm a 13-handicapper. I would have to say that my performance off the tee is uneven."

Oleg Cassini was perhaps the most recognizable amateur in the field. His erratic drives proved that tennis, as he confessed, is really his game. He has taken lessons from time to time, but he rarely plays, and he only enjoys the Crosby because he has so many good friends competing in it, such as Van Gerbig and Denny Phipps. He took the precaution of coordinating his costumes daily with his fiancée, Marianne Nestor, who won low fiancée by several lengths. They sometimes wore matching, sinister black. "I like to look wicked when I pound the ball into the ice plant," Cassini said.

None of the three, Bench, Scott or Cassini, had a hot enough pro partner—George Johnson, Eddie Merrins and Joe Porter, respectively—or good enough games of their own to make the 54-hole cut that would have qualified them for Sunday's final round. The amateurs who survive are either those with huge handicaps, which enabled them to carry their pros along, or simply good players who have teamed well with their partners.

What essentially decided the pro-am was local knowledge plus a bagload of handicap strokes. The winners were Hale Irwin and a gentleman named Darius Keaton, a Cypress Point member who has two private jets, a home on 17 Mile Drive and 10 gorgeous strokes. Irwin was two over for the Crosby but Keaton, with his strokes, led the team to a glittering 25 under. So much for the handicapping committee.

Among other things, the Crosby has come to signal the real start of the golfing year, after some fooling around in Tucson and Phoenix, which is Johnny Miller country. The Crosby is where Nicklaus comes out for the first time, and the three courses used provide tests of golf that are considerably different from the pitch-and-putt stuff in Arizona.

The Crosby found most of the leading golfers working very hard to get their games in shape a little sooner than normal, for 1976 promises to be an exciting and slightly different type of year on the PGA tour. The money is up above $9 million, but of course the money always seems to be up. More important, the Tournament Players Championship, a biggie, has been shifted to late February in Florida, and as Nicklaus said, "This alone makes you start working seriously earlier than usual."

Also, this will be the year that Nicklaus' own tournament, the Memorial, will make its debut, as will the new World Series at Firestone, with its expanded field of 20 to 25 men instead of four going 72 holes instead of 36 for $100,000 to the winner in a real September climax. As if he was reading from a publicity release, Commissioner Deane Beman said, "The new World Series has a chance in time to transcend the importance of the Big Four."

The chances are that nothing that happens during 1976 will be quite as memorable in an oddball way as the total collapse of Jack Nicklaus at the Crosby, easing the way to the long-awaited return of Ben Crenshaw. **END**

When Catcher Bench hit, it was a toss-up if the ball would stay fair



Generally speaking, Actor Scott was rarely in command of his game.



WATCHED POT THAT FINALLY BOILED

After three tepid seasons, Marquette's Earl Tatum is cooking, and the Warriors may have the recipe for a national title

by LARRY KEITH

From the moment he arrived at Marquette three years ago until the third game of the current season, Earl Tatum, a shy poor boy from Mount Vernon, N.Y., has been a watched pot that refused to boil. Refused, in fact, to rise above room temperature. While his coach, Al McGuire, called him "a black Jerry West" and "the most talented player I've ever coached," Tatum averaged less than 10 points a game. To resemble West, he needed more than a twang and a turtleneck; he had to make his jump shot far more consistently.

Glimpses of Tatum's talents, the long rainbow of a jumper, the lofty leap for rebounds, the quick-handed steals, were seen outside the practice gym only occasionally. Those rare moments merely served to remind Marquette fans of unfulfilled promises, but none of them were more disappointed than Tatum himself.

After scoring 17 points during the Warriors' first two games this season, Tatum decided to quit. His mother had been evicted from her apartment and she needed him at home. And even though he is a rarity among Marquette players, a senior who will graduate with his class, he also was worried about his studies.

Tatum packed his boxes—suitcases are a luxury he cannot afford—and lay down on his dormitory bed to think it out one last time. "Does anybody know I'm here?" he asked himself. "Am I doing anything?" As he continued this self-analysis, his counselor, a Jesuit priest, knocked on the door. The priest's appearance may have been providential or it may have been ordained by the coaching staff. Tatum does not know, but he listened, then went to see McGuire.

If Tatum still planned to leave, that was a mistake. One should never tell McGuire what he does not want to hear. "Earl, don't be stupid," McGuire said. Earl was not stupid. He unpacked.

"I thought about where I'd be a few years from now if I quit," Tatum says. "People would see me on the playground and say, 'There's Tatum. He could have made it. He isn't a black Jerry West. He's just black.' "

The fact is that none of Marquette's players performed well in the season-opening victories over St. Joseph's of Indiana and Northern Michigan. The Milwaukee Arena crowd even booed them during the second game. With four starters back from last season's 23-4 team —Guards Lloyd Walton and Butch Lee



Lloyd Walton, perhaps the best penetretor in college, aims to please Tatum with his peeses.

and Forwards Bo Ellis (6′9″) and Tatum (6′6″)—McGuire expected to make a serious run at the national championship. But at the time the Warriors were seriously crawling.

Tatum aroused himself and his team in the third game, scoring 18 points in an 80–58 victory over Drake. He was still starring last week, as Marquette, No. 2 in the UPI poll, stretched its record to 14-1 with a 76–62 defeat of Creighton and a 92–64 blitz of Fordham.

At a school where 20-point performances are as rare as 20-foot jump shots, the broad-shouldered, loose-limbed Tatum is making both routine. His average is 19.7, including a high of 35 in an overtime loss at Minnesota. He had 21 points and 15 rebounds in a tough 79–72 victory at DePaul, and scored 18 against Creighton, six of them in a 10-point burst that broke open the game. And he was not the only Warrior to play well. Lee, the team's second-leading scorer with a 15-point average, also had 18 and made five steals. Ellis, coming around after a plodding start, had 14 rebounds and five blocked shots. Walton, perhaps the best penetrator in the country, dealt off 12 assists to tie a school record. The fifth starter, 6′10″ junior college transfer Jerome Whitehead, contributed 13 points and six rebounds. "I can't be cute about it anymore," McGuire said. "We've got a shot at winning it all."

The Warriors have their usual quickness and defensive aplomb—opponents are averaging just 60.2 points a game. But this team also has unusual versatility: muscle from Whitehead, depth in 6′8″ freshman Bernard (Looney) Toone and improved shooting, both from the foul line and from Tatum outside. Marquette has also shown an inclination to break out of its deliberate offense and look for the fast break.

One aspect of Marquette basketball that will never change is its penchant for the unusual. The team posed for its publicity pictures this year in costumes borrowed from a repertory company. The results were glossies of basketball-player-sized kings, knights, pirates and dandies. And once again there is a Warrior known as much for his idiosyncrasies as his performances during games. Toone, a freshman in every way, smiles, chews gum, argues with McGuire, collects fouls and plays bad defense. McGuire can be a forgiving man, except when he thinks ability is being squandered. "God doesn't give you talent so you can sit on it," he says. For this reason McGuire feels God demands that he run Toone a mile before every practice. "You've got to understand that Al was an overachiever as a player, and he can't stand to see Bernard waste all that ability," says Assistant Coach Rick Majerus.

Toone possesses the kind of confidence that Tatum has always lacked. It did not bother McGuire when Tatum said the coach had "lead in his head" earlier this year. McGuire likes spunk, and coming from Tatum, it was a rare form of self-expression. A loner by nature, he is also becoming less reclusive. Ellis says that Tatum is now willing "to sit around and lollygag with us."

Tatum's teammates have always had high regard for his basketball talent, even when other people did not. "He's the only person I've ever seen whose shot doesn't hit the rim," says substitute Forward Ulice Payne. Walton is Tatum's catalyst, often passing to him when McGuire might prefer Walton to shoot. "If scoring makes Earl happy, I'm going to see to it that he scores," Walton says.

There is considerable logic to that, since Tatum is the most complete player on the team. He takes a masochistic pleasure in skidding across the floor for loose balls, and he received three ovations within a minute during the Creighton game by blocking a shot, springing for a rebound, then canning his jumper at the other end. Every time he cranks up from 25 feet, there is a buzz of anticipation that grows to an uproarious crescendo as the ball ripples through the net. If he misses, Tatum will grimace, shake his head and raise his hands helplessly. "The man thinks he has to be perfect every time," says Whitehead.

As far as McGuire is concerned, Tatum is almost perfect. "Earl's better than David Thompson," he says. "He just hasn't been able to show it because of the style we play. If he goes to a pro team like Boston, he'll be sensational."

As with many other players, Tatum is relying on basketball to get him and his family out of their economic straits. He shined shoes as a kid and acted as the lookout while friends stole soda bottles for the deposit money. Until the NCAA this year disallowed the $15-a-month laundry stipend, he sent part of it home to his mother. And he used to carry his clothes in a paper sack on road trips until the sponsors of the Milwaukee Classic gave everyone gym bags last season.

Tatum still recalls the day McGuire first called him "a black Jerry West." "He was at my high school recruiting me," he says. Two days later Tatum agreed to go to Marquette, and four years later he finally is showing some signs that the prediction may come true. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER



Tatum has his jumper down, his scoring up.



Floored first, Foreman rose up . . .



. . . to drop Lyle, who rose up . . .

SWEET SCIENCE, INDEED

Foreman started stylishly, jabbing Ron Lyle, but after he was down and nearly out he became the old banger

No, the fight did not set boxing back 25 years. Fifteen, maybe. A rusty George Foreman overpowered Ron Lyle in a carnival of knockdowns last Saturday in Las Vegas, and if the cause of scientific boxing was not advanced, a good time was had by all. Foreman had wanted to show that, despite his loss to Ali in Zaïre, he could take a punch. He took

As the bout sank slowly in Round 5, Foreman, though weary, went back to winging punches until Lyle finally wilted away.





. . . to drive Foreman down headfirst.

them by the dozens. A couple of them sent him down twice, and one sliced a three-stitcher inside his lip. But at the end of Round 5, sagging but still slugging, Foreman finally stepped back to let Lyle fall unconscious. So much for the first big one in George's comeback. "Lord," he said, "now I've paid my dues."

—PAT PUTNAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER



Down and all out, Lyle was a worthy foe.







CHOICE SEATS AT THE BULL RING

Behind Chicago's stormy facade lies an even more turbulent interior, featuring recriminations, backbiting and name-calling by the major figures of the team that has the worst record in the NBA

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Just this side of the Lake Michigan glacier floes near Evanston, Ill. sits a 45-acre snowy plain that is the home of the Angel Guardian orphanage, the Hope and Home day-care center for children, the Renaissance House workshop for the blind, the Sisters of Mercy home for the retarded, St. Henry's Cemetery for the dead and the Chicago Bulls.

What a professional basketball team is doing with its training camp and practice facility located here is anybody's guess. But what the Bulls have been doing all season—holding out, caving in, battling suspensions, disputing contracts, starting hunger strikes, hassling, crying, screaming and fighting—is something of a mystery, too. At least they have been doing their unholy work mostly among, and to, themselves. What they have accomplished so far among the remaining membership of the NBA has been mostly to lose games and influence nobody.

Up until a fortnight or so ago the Bulls appeared to be making a serious run toward the hall of shame. Not only were they threatening to lower the 76ers' immortal record of nine victories in a single 82-game season, they were shooting under 40%, an accomplishment unmatched in the NBA for the past 15 years.

Were these the same big bad Bulls who come within a couple of traumas of the NBA title every year? The same dirty and delightful Bulls who pick and screen and scratch and claw and would battle the mercenaries in Angola for a loose ball? Well, no. Well, maybe.

The unofficial retirement of Chet Walker, preseason injuries to Jerry Sloan and Tom Boerwinkle and the emotional problems of Stormin' Norman Van Lier had not helped the Bulls' performance. Then, within sight of disaster, Chicago started "hitting some meat," as Coach Dick Motta likes to say. The Bulls won four of eight games and reached the magic 10-victory plateau before regaining their form. At the end of last week they were 12-31, not the Virginia Squires (7-37), to be sure, but still indisputably the worst in the NBA.

The Bulls run as Managing Partner Kovler watches from the stands; Van Lier and Coaches Motta and Ed Badger from courtside.

If Chicago's situation exemplified the state of the messy Midwest—the Bulls are a mere 6½ games out of first place in what is truly a pitiful division—it also spoke volumes about fear and loathing on the bench. In the midst of their brief rampage toward respectability, Van Lier was suspended for purposely smashing into a referee, Bob (Butterbean) Love was booed and benched for being ornery, the coach questioned the sanity of his men; his men questioned the parentage of the coach and emotions continued on a roller coaster.

"What a cesspool," Motta said of the Chicago situation one day. "What a circus of sickness," he said on another. During the short-lived high, however, he had other thoughts. It was "getting to be fun again," he said. "Maybe we've turned the corner."

It is important to remember that this isn't some kind of a cuckoo's nest we are dealing with here. This is the Chicago Bulls. The rough, tough, take-no-prisoners Chicago Bulls. The Team of the Big Shoulders. Whip Up in the Windy City. Whoop-de-doop in the Loop. All that. These are the Bulls who originated the art of sticking-together-while-being-incredibly-nasty-to-one-another long before Charlie Finley's boys got into the act.

In the past five seasons the Bulls were the only club in the NBA to win at least 47 games and advance into the playoffs each time. A proud franchise despite constant friction in the front office, Chicago found success in its unique hunt, strangle and destroy defense and the intense us-against-the-world coaching paranoia of the head man. Motta brought discipline to the Bulls, but over his eight coaching years his style and reputed power plays within the organization have fostered severe animosities.

For a moment during the playoffs last May, everything seemed to have come together for the Bulls. Before the regular season had begun, they felt they had bought a championship when they obtained Nate Thurmond from Golden State. And despite holdouts by Love and Van Lier (who together missed 33 games), numerous injuries and a disappointing season from Thurmond, who could not cope with Chicago's precision offense, they were leading Golden State 3-2 in the playoffs for the Western championship. And they were coming home for Game 6, certain victory and a place in the finals.

With everything within inches of their grasp, the Bulls led by nine points, only to give it all up and lose. Back in Oakland for Game 7, they led by 14, but lost again. So quickly do seasons and teams fall apart.

In the locker room after the final contest all bad feelings and checked anger rushed to the surface. For some time Motta had seethed over what he considered selfishness on the part of his two early-season holdouts. In turn, Love and Van Lier had been infuriated when Motta reneged on his promise to renegotiate their contracts. Now the coach lashed out at his broken team. In what has become a *cause celèbre* in Chicago, Motta referred to Love and Van Lier as he snapped, "When you vote on playoff shares, remember who wasn't at training camp."

Later, in conversation with the *Chicago Tribune's* Bob Logan, who was writing a book on the Bulls, Motta asked, "Is this book talk?" When Logan said yes, Motta proceeded to call Love "the

continued

greediest player in the league" and say, "I fear for Van Lier. I'd hate to trade him to a friend. I would like in the worst way to get rid of them both."

This was hardly rhetoric to hang a dream on, or a new season. Especially since the feeling seemed to be mutual. Nonetheless, both men returned this winter, again after contract hassles, Van Lier to blast Motta's coaching strategy ("He never used Thurmond right," "He never backs me up on technicals," etc.) and Love to issue daily announcements about how unappreciated and underpaid he is.

"My foot," says Motta, approximately. "These guys went for the brass ring last year and failed. Now they've cracked. I've always said coaching is just a matter of getting rid of the bad apples." A prevailing rumor holds that Motta makes hourly attempts to trade Van Lier, who has never been mistaken for Johnny Appleseed. So far, however, the only stormin' Norman will be doing out of a Chicago uniform will be as a reserve for the West in the NBA All-Star game on Feb. 3.

Chet (The Jet) Walker is one Bull who left the china shop. Always regarded as one of the game's gentlemen, Walker claims Motta's insensitivity was the clincher in his decision to retire. "I spent most of last season bleeding inside, calming down people and baby-sitting this team," Walker said the other day. "At the end we had busted our guts for this man, and he tells us not to pay those two. I couldn't believe it. The Chicago Bulls died in Oakland, all right. But it wasn't on the court, it was in the locker room."

Walker's absence and his accompanying running feud with Motta in the newspapers still haunt the Bulls. Had he returned, Walker would have been a significant influence on the young inside men, Mickey Johnson and Clifton Pondexter, as well as a valuable catalyst in the always difficult transitional period in which an old team turns young. But when Motta asked Walker to reconsider retirement, The Jet's conditions were practically laughable: he wanted a huge salary plus total control as coach and general manager.

That power is something Motta always demanded. To be fair, were it not for him the team probably wouldn't even be in Chicago. But shortly after he came out of the Utah mountains to take the Bulls by the horns, Motta discovered that being the coach didn't give him enough leverage to determine his own destiny. The team has experienced turmoil ever since.

The ultimate departure from any semblance of tranquillity occurred after the 1972-73 season, when Motta brandished rival coaching offers in front of the Bulls' 300-pound, gravel-voiced majority owner, Arthur Wirtz, and persuaded the team's executive board to give him the duties (though they withheld the title) of general manager as well as coach. This move forced out Pat Williams, who since has emerged as general manager at Philadelphia. Most important, it set up Motta as the man who both coached the Bulls on the floor and battled them in contract negotiations off it—a double-faced job hardly easy for a man of Motta's volatile ways.

Motta uses an expression from the Old West in pointing out that his only contract problems have been with Love and Van Lier. "The squeaky wheels get all the grease," he says. But there have been other squeaks. Since Williams and controversial Scout Jerry (The Sleuth) Krause departed, Motta has experienced plenty of misery in regard to trades as well as in signing players from the college draft.

When he traded strong Forward Garfield Heard plus No. 1 draft choice Kevin Kunnert for John Hummer, the deal turned out to be a disaster for Chicago. Motta supporters vehemently defend last year's trade of Clifford Ray plus a No. 1 pick plus bundles of cash for Thurmond by claiming that Ray didn't contribute nearly as much to the Warrior championship as Golden State's other center, George Johnson. Besides being nonsense, what is conveniently overlooked in this rationalization is that at one point Motta had Johnson also—Krause had drafted both Ray and Johnson for Chicago—but cut him in the preseason. Most NBA followers agree that if left unmade, this trade would have meant the championship for the Bulls instead of the Warriors.

But it is hardly fair to accuse Motta of anything but mixed results in the player exchange market; he outright stole the unknown Mickey Johnson from Portland after remembering him from his own summer camp at Aurora College, and his recent acquisition of Jack Marin has strengthened the Bulls in both ability and character.

Though Motta's intransigence in dealing with player salaries is one of the few recent steps toward financial sanity in all of pro sport, it is still true that among the Bulls' unsigned draftees have been Artis Gilmore, Ralph Simpson, Maurice Lucas and Mike Gale—creating the impression that Chicago has a better team in the ABA than in the NBA.

Dissatisfied with mere partial chaos, the Bulls went for the whole thing last year by forcing out the popular Johnny Kerr as business manager. A former coach and veteran player with a fine sense of humor, Kerr got along even with Motta. Into the breach stepped Jonathan Kovler, a 29-year-old scion of the Jim Beam whiskey family who had purchased stock in the Bulls, he once said jokingly, in order to get better season tickets.

As "managing partner," Kovler insists he is just like any other fan "with no expertise" in the game and "no input" regarding team policy. But insiders say Kovler is a kid with a new bourbon, uh, toy. Shortly after taking over, he advised the Bull coaches to "work on Dave Bing; he can't go to his left anymore."

One Bull says that Kovler, who like any other fan has the team insignia painted on his kitchen floor, approached Motta about his desire to sit in on team meetings as well as run laps, shoot layups with the players and have daily conferences with the coach. Rebuffed on all counts, the managing partner has accused Motta of "shirking duty" because the coach hasn't been in the Bulls' Michigan Avenue offices in eight months.

Budgetary squabbles during the preseason resulted in Kovler firing the Bulls' long-time trainer Bob Biel over a $300 expense item after Biel had thrown a roll of tape at Kovler in the dressing room. Moreover, there was the terrific "hunger strike" walkout the Bulls staged in a dispute over $19 a day in meal money. Big Daddy Wirtz, who owns maybe three-fourths of Illinois, dismissed that one by booming, "You'd think a guy earning $150,000 could buy his own lunch."

So Motta is beset on all sides. Last summer he purchased a general store in Fish Haven, Idaho as a hedge against the day he gets out of basketball, and there must be times when he longs for his cabin in the woods. But Motta must finish this season to qualify for a $200,000 life-insurance policy connected to his contract, which has another two years to run. "I once said I would get out if things went sour," Motta says. "But after the way they've treated me like dirt,

continued


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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

there's no way I would resign now."

Indeed, the younger Bulls appear to be on the threshold of better things. While Johnson is a coming star and Pondexter might be, the infant backcourt of Leon Benbow and John Laskowski is already big league; Benbow is this close to being one of the best defensive guards in the pros. With a good draft, says Motta, "we could have some fun."

Be that as it may, one friend of Motta's thinks a change of scenery is in order. Kansas City Coach Phil Johnson, who was once Motta's assistant at Chicago, says, "It's hard to coach the same team in this league for as long as Dick has. It's like marriage. After too long, nerves get raw. Little things become big things."

Guard Jerry Sloan, who played in agony with a damaged knee until last week, when a cartilage operation put him out for the season, says, "You can tell it isn't the same for Motta. Some games I've noticed he just hasn't been in it. His mind wasn't there. Of course, some games I haven't been in it either."

Motta's chief tormentor, the effusive Butterbean, may speak for the coach as well as all the old Bulls when he relates his feelings about this most perplexing of teams.

"Chicago is racist," Love begins the litany of moans and groans. "They boo me on the floor. I don't get respect. I don't get endorsements. The coach plays me like a mule, then he doesn't pay me what I'm worth. I'd love to get out of here and play somewhere else. Then I remember this team is a part of my life.

"The Bulls," Love adds softly. "It seems we built the Bulls like a house, and I know every little room, every detail. Chet, Norm, Jerry, Tom Boerwinkle. The Bulls. I love those guys. The Chicago Bulls will always be a part of me."

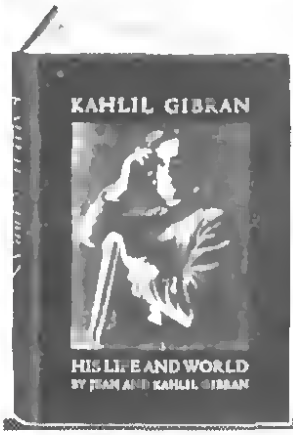
Possibly preoccupied with similarly touching thoughts, Love missed practice recently, because, he said, his car wouldn't start in the sub-zero temperatures.

"Must be an epidemic. Love's got four cars," somebody said.

"I've got two cars," Love said.

The next night at Buffalo, Love was benched, only to come in later to score 25 points and lead the Bulls to victory. Afterward Motta was asked about the disciplinary measure. "I figure if his car won't start, why should he?" Motta said.

The Bulls keep goring on. **END**



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INNSBRUCK 1976

SPIRIT OF '76 IN THE TYROL



Right from the start, Austria promised the world a change for 1976: the show would be better, but not bigger—a return to the "simple games" concept of Squaw Valley in 1960. And now, $148 million later, everything is in place in and around Innsbruck, with all those familiar Tyrolean venues just touched up a bit. Most of the money has gone into facilities that will benefit the country when the Games are over, proof that when the Austrians said simple they weren't being dumb. There are accommodations for the anticipated 2,050 athletes and officials, and if space runs out for the expected 150,000 out-of-town spectators, they can book a hayloft or two. Beneath all the bunting, a security force of 5,000 is assembled; and if there isn't enough snow, the Army will peel it off the Brenner Pass, just as was done for the 1964 Games. The Olympic flame is already hidden away in a room downtown, ready for Wednesday's ceremonies.

The Olympic preview continues with William Oscar Johnson's profile of our spirited, if most hapless, team, followed by scouting reports and a handicapper's guide to each event. Anita Verschoth's selections are listed in gold, silver and bronze order, plus an extra wild-card candidate.

CONTINUED



Some Win and Some Luge

From a nation of onetime flexible flyers, you would think that the U.S. could collect the most formidable luge team ever. But, no. We have no hope for the Olympics, and the way things are right now, there's a whole lot more tough sledding ahead

by William Oscar Johnson

"*They call this Olympic team? I think so. But what you expect from such athletes? They don't have no practices. They don't have no program. This is Olympic team? I am surprise.*"

—Piotr Rogowski, Polish refugee recently named head coach of the U.S. Olympic luge team.

A luge is a small sled, a basic tool of transportation considerably older than the wheel. Drawings scratched on cave walls during the Neolithic age depict luges at work as movers of stone and haulers of wild animal meat. In the intervening 5,000 years, the relationship between man and his trusty luge has undergone spectacular change—from a slow and sensible conveyor of burdens, it has been transformed into a sleek vehicle of speed, terrible risk and a certain beauty.

High above the medieval Tyrolean village of Igls, which is in turn perched high above the medieval Tyrolean city of Innsbruck, lies the architectural centerpiece of the XII Winter Olympiad: a graceful falling squiggle of white ice called the *Kombinierte Kunsteisbahn für Bob und Rodel*—the combined bobsled and luge run. It streams 1,220 meters down the mountainside in a series of swerves, curls, hooks and hairpins, its center a lovely 360-degree loop known as the *Kreisel*, which means "child's top." It is a beautifully engineered run that cost about $5¼ million with its refrigerated track and retractable awnings to protect it from the sun. Though lugers and bobbers reach speeds of 90 mph on the run, its design is so safe (so they say) that when the Games are over, any mad tourist with $3 for a ticket will be allowed to take the whole hair-raising ride.

His grim look reflecting the U.S. chances, luge Coach Piotr Rogowski (inset) puzzles over how to teach this game in quick order.

The ancient art of sledding will occupy a special place in the 1976 Winter Games, if for no other reason than the bob-luge run, which is the one truly dazzling addition to Innsbruck's 1964 Olympic venues. These were to be the Games of Denver—remember?—but because the voters of Colorado, in their wisdom, refused to endorse the organizing committee's half-baked plans, everything was returned to Innsbruck. Thus, the XII Olympiad will be accompanied by massive waves of *déjà vu*. When the opening ceremonies begin next Wednesday afternoon in the Bergisel Stadium below the 90-meter ski jump, the setting will be nearly identical to that of 1964, except for a new concrete tower on the jump and a new urn for the Olympic flame. The Alpine ski runs are again located at Patscherkofel and Lizum, and the Nordic races are once more near the pretty hamlet of Seefeld. An early winter attack of Tyrolean "warm storms" left the Alps around Innsbruck almost totally barren of snow, precisely as they were in 1964. And this forced Olympic officials to launch a trucking operation to haul uncountable tons of snow down from the Brenner Pass, precisely as they did in 1964. Even Innsbruck's Olympic fanfare will be the same 16th century melody that was used before. But a major difference between 1964 and 1976 is the awareness of danger that has preoccupied Olympic planners of late; the atrocities of Munich occurred only 130 miles from Innsbruck. Just six weeks ago, terrorists killed three men and took some 80 hostages in Vienna during an oil ministers' conference. Officials in Innsbruck have checked and rechecked their security precautions and issued reassurances. Nevertheless, in the aftermath of Vienna the Shah of Iran, who had rented an entire luxury hotel in Igls for his entourage, canceled his plans to attend the Games.

Almost no one else did, however, and 1,500 competitors are expected in Innsbruck. They will be accompanied by 550 assorted traveling statesmen, bureaucrats, managers, officials, functionaries and other blue-blazered administrative flotsam who will comprise perhaps the largest ratio of useless luminaries to competing athletes in the history of the Olympics.

Drifting among these throngs will be a doughty but anonymous collection of Americans, three women and six men in number, brave but downtrodden, dedicated and determined, yet able to enter-

continued

tain no real hope for recognition, no expectation at all for reward. This will be the U.S. Olympic luge team, led by its Polish coach, Piotr Rogowski, 27, and by its Olympic Luge Committee chairman, Fred Hushla, 61, a gentle, rumpled man who is an industrial designer for the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, N.Y. Nowhere in all of Innsbruck's Olympic population will one find a team with a more forlorn history of neglect, disinterest, nonsupport, disenchantment, empty pockets and rotten facilities.

The cream of 1976 American lugers had assembled for the first time early in January in a sub-zero dawn on the side of Mount Van Hoevenberg, just beyond the limits of Lake Placid, that slightly seedy village that hopes to transform itself into a gleaming Winter Olympic capital by 1980. The lugers huddled like pariahs united in adversity at the bobsled-luge run, the only such run in all the U.S. It is not perfect. It is 45 years old and its walls are wooden, bristling here and there with slivers. The run was originally built for bobsledders, who have come to regard lugers as natural enemies; there is a certain aura of hostility in the air whenever lugers bring their sleek little sleds into territory occupied by the thundering big bobs. The Lake Placid run was officially closed to luges until 1973, on the absurd argument that the runners of a luge (which weighs 44 pounds) slashed the track worse than those of the bobs (350- and 700-pound behemoths with many of the characteristics of runaway freight trains). Understandably, lugers also have developed feelings of paranoia whenever bobbers bob up. One luger at Lake Placid summed up the feud by saying, "Bobbers are slobs. I think they hassle us because they're jealous. We are a

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better class of people in general. I think it probably has something to do with the fact that bobbers are nothing but big fat people who are there just to add weight to the sled. We are true *athletes*, we're not just blocks of bulk, and they hate us for it."

Whatever the truth of all this, the first thing the lugers had to do before they could begin their Olympic Trials was to shovel snow off the Mount Van Hoevenberg track. Hushla said this was the result of an "austerity program" at the run. Angrier people swore it was because workers at the run were mostly bobsledders and had arranged some kind of featherbedding scheme so the true-athlete lugers had to demean themselves by shoveling snow.

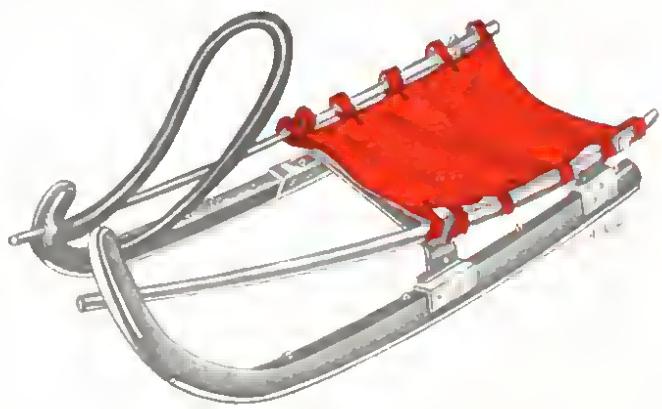
There were about 40 candidates on hand for the Trials, a fact that first made Fred Hushla happy ("This is tremendous! Usually I only have 10!"). Later, he had second thoughts about the number of entries—many of them frighteningly inexperienced—and he made a fatherly little speech in which he said, "Please, we have to do some seeding here, there are so many of you. If you are afraid to go from the top, I would really appreciate it if you would withdraw."

A day or so after the Trials began, Hushla received a long-distance call from a man in Kansas who complained that he had not known the Olympic luge team was being selected. Hushla asked the man if he had ever been on a luge, and the Kansan replied that, no, he hadn't, but as a child he had frequently sledded "on very, very treacherous hills." Hushla's voice rose in anguish as he pleaded with the man in Kansas, "Good God, don't come here, please don't. Believe me, this is no place for you to be. Please stay home!"

A luge is indeed no place for a mere veteran of the Flexible Flyer. The sled, also called a *Rodel* in Europe, is a precisely machined vehicle, delicate as a watch to tune, according to experts. It is designed to be a dangerously efficient projectile as it speeds down the track. The typical luge is 50 inches long. Its runners are made of laminated ash with steel strips bolted on (the strip metals can be changed depending on ice conditions). It has a small canvas or braided-strip seat on which the rider reclines—on his back. His feet are curled around the front runners. He steers with ankle pressure and with steady pulls on a rein he holds in one hand. His helmeted head lies back over the ice, behind the little sled. Speeds of 100 mph are not uncommon. The two-man luge is not much longer, usually five inches or so. One racer simply plops down atop his partner and the top man steers. Quite a number of lugers have died over the years. Nearly all of them suffer at least one broken bone at some point early in their careers.

The lugers who came to Lake Placid were a motley mix; no general characteristic or cultural stamp would encompass them all. There were adventurous teen-agers who had made no more than half a dozen runs in their lives; housewives; a commercial artist who specialized in stained-glass panels; a professor of psychology from Southern Illinois University, along with his strapping son, 18, and his pretty daughter, 15, who ultimately retired with some broken toes. There was a home-improvements entrepreneur from Boston who drove a magnificent silver Bentley, vintage 1952, and wore a handsome sweater that marked him as a member in good standing at the exclusive Cresta Run in St. Moritz. There was Dave LeBoutillier, 35, a rollicking TWA pilot, and Carla Leake, 23, a frail brown-eyed TWA stewardess who said that if she made the Olympic team she would have to call in sick. There was Jim Moriarty, 34, an ascetic competitor who had quit his job as an electronics technician in St. Paul 18 months ago to pursue the elusive joys of the luge and was

continued



Once it carried meat for Neolithic cavemen; now the luge carries speed freaks to medals



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continued

living on $3 a day in Lake Placid. There was Helen Thayer, 39, wife of an "agricultural helicopter pilot" from Seattle. She was a world-class discus thrower who had competed for New Zealand, Guatemala and the U.S. and was now as broad as a Pittsburgh Steeler because she had deliberately gained 30 pounds to give herself extra bulk on the runs.

There was Kathleen Homstad, 24, a red-haired housewife from Goleta, Calif., who began luging when she was 15 and who boasts the best finish ever registered by any American in international competition—an eighth at the 1970 world championships at Konigsee, Germany. There was red-haired Jim Murray, 29, from Montana, a veteran of Vietnam, an ex-ski instructor and ex-school teacher. There was Terry O'Brien, 32, a tough broad-shouldered Air Force technical sergeant, also a veteran American luger, having competed along with Homstad and Murray in two previous Olympics. For most of the past decade Sgt. O'Brien had tried to arrange Air Force assignments which would put him near a luge run. This was a lot easier said than done. He finagled a job in Plattsburgh, N.Y., but while he was stationed there the Lake Placid run was forbidden to lugers, so when Denver was awarded the '76 Games, O'Brien transferred to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs—only to have the proposed luge run near Denver shot down by the voters. He is now stationed in Portsmouth, N.H., only 250 miles from Lake Placid, and he is happy because he is almost religious about the luge. "It is something that is measurable in terms of true perfection," he says. "There is nothing else in my life that is measurable in such a way. Luging is more to me than anything else in the world." (Of those mentioned above, only O'Brien, Murray, Moriarty and Homstad were to make the team.)

American lugers long ago grew accustomed to the second-class conditions that surround their sport. As they prepared for the first runs at Lake Placid, Hushla reached into a barrel and pulled out numbered racing bibs. Most of them read WORLD BIATHLON CHAMPIONSHIP, and the numbers ran totally at random. "Someone has stolen a lot of these," said Hushla.

The run itself was bumpy, even after the snow was shoveled off. The electric-eye timer was broken. Only the lower half of the course was open and it had just started operations, almost a month later than originally planned. On the fifth day of training and Trials the ice was very fast, and a series of spills sent several contestants to the hospital in Lake Placid. But there was only one ambulance at Mount Van Hoevenberg, so each time it made a run to the hospital there was a delay of up to an hour since regulations forbade lugers to run unless an ambulance was standing by. The accumulated snafus and inconveniences probably would have broken the spirit of a more pampered group of athletes, but lugers are so accustomed to humiliation, discomfort, poverty and misfortune that it is possible they would not know how to function in finer circumstanees. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine any group of athletes that has been more deprived.

Lugers have no national luge association of their own, so they are represented internationally by the AAU. This amounts to very little representation at all, and lugers swear that the AAU's budget for their sport in all of 1975 came to $37. For the past two years Hushla has had to dig into his own pocket for money to buy the medals awarded to national and North American champions. His total budget from the U.S. Olympic Committee for the entire pre-Olympic training and Trials in the U.S. was $5,700—which allowed him to pay Coach Rogowski the princely wage of $3 a day. Last year, during an international competition at Innsbruck, American lugers found themselves literally begging for money. Jim Moriarty had finished a run and lodged a protest citing excessive snow on the course. Under international rules, a money bond must be posted with each protest—in this case 500 Austrian schillings ($30)—to ensure against a rash of nuisance protests. There was no one at the run to post a bond for the Americans. Officials refused all personal checks and all currency except schillings. The team dug into its own pockets and came up short. At last the Americans were forced to wander among the spectators, panhandling, to raise the money to back Moriarty's protest—which was ultimately upheld.

U.S. lugers traditionally have been almost as short of technical expertise as of money. The only training manual available was written and illustrated by Hushla, who has never been down an entire luge run in his life. "I don't have to actually make a start in a race to know what a start in a race *feels* like," he says. Last winter in Hammarstrand, Sweden three U.S. lugers tried to turn spy in a desperate attempt to add to their technical backgrounds. They befriended a Polish trainer with a weakness for booze, plied him with vodka and Scotch one night until they convinced him he should examine their sleds and tell them what might be wrong with them. The Pole agreed and brought with him several special instruments for properly tuning luges. While he turned his back to drink and joke with one crafty American, another luger-spook made rapid sketches so they could reproduce the tools at home. Alas, they have not yet done this because they found it would cost about $500 to duplicate the instruments.

For the past several years the official U.S. luge manager—duly selected by the AAU—was a former marine major whose specialty in winter sport was speed skating. Enraged by the man's combination of arrogance and ignorance, the lugers arose against him and managed to prevent the Olympic Committee from appointing him luge coach for the 1976 Games. It was a landmark revolt, led by Frank Hill, the lugers' athlete representative on the Olympic Committee, and by Olympic diver Micki King. This was the first time in history that U.S. athletes have actually been effective in contributing to the selection of an Olympic coach.

Because of this tiny insurrection, a month before the team assembled for its Trials in Lake Placid it had no coach at all. Then along came the pale young man whom American lugers may come to call the Polish Angel. Piotr Rogowski is a resoureeful chap who signed his own emigration papers and fled Warsaw in 1974. He flew to New York, where his brother lives, found a job as a file clerk and began a rigid routine of studying English at night school so that he might someday land a job as a physical therapist, his specialty in Poland. This would be an

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continued

ordinary story of a courageous refugee establishing himself in a new country, except that Rogowski also happened to have been the second-best luger in Poland in 1965. It also happened that he gave up competition because he was selected to spend full time designing the training program and development techniques for the Polish luge team. This was not an assignment to be taken lightly; luging is a major sport in Poland. There are 600 members in the Polish luge association and an elite national team of 15, which practices the sport every day, all year round. Polish lugers work with medical specialists, aerodynamics engineers, metallurgical experts, chemists and an impressive assortment of other scientists and engineers in an attempt to perfect their equipment and themselves. They use wind tunnels, centrifugal force machines and non-winter luges mounted on ball bearings to work out their kinks. And Piotr Rogowski was the expert on luging in Poland. As he said in Lake Placid, "The Polish government pay me, but everybody else on luge team was voluntary. Even now the Polish team is working my plan. What I say to American team, I don't have no problems because what I say I can prove."

It would be pleasing to add that Rogowski came to the U.S. team because of the enlightened efforts of the American sports establishment to recruit him. That is not so. Rogowski wrote letters offering his services to the AAU, the U.S. Olympic Committee, the President's Committee for the Olympic Games, *The New York Times* and Fred Hushla, among others. He recalls, "I receive no reply from these many letters. This I do not understand. In Europe they always send answer. People should answer and say some word or two, even if they say don't send no more letters. I was surprise. Only Fred Hushla answer me."

Hushla was wise enough to recognize the obvious and act on the inevitable. He hired Rogowski as the $3-per-day head coach of the U.S. team. Naturally enough, the coach's arrival was greeted with cheers by the technology-starved Americans. "Piotr is the greatest single thing that has happened to this sport in this country," says Terry O'Brien.

Polish Angel or not, there will be no miracles this year at Innsbruck. Almost every other luge team there will be far superior to the U.S.—certainly the Russians, Japanese, Scandinavians, Poles and, most significant, the East Germans. In winter sports, the East Germans have concentrated on the luge, and the athletes are treated like a class of aristocrats born with silver spoons in their steel-capped teeth. East Germany spends $1 million a year on its teams and even offers Ph.D. status in luge from a leading university.

Few countries have dominated any sport quite the way the East Germans have dominated the luge: in the 1972 Olympics at Sapporo they won the gold, silver and bronze medals in the singles events for men and women, and gold and bronze in the men's doubles; in the 1975 international competitions on the Innsbruck course the men swept the top six places in singles, the women the top three.

No team will be so well prepared as the East Germans, but most lugers who compete at Innsbruck will have made hundreds of runs—perhaps as many as 5,000—on their sleds this season. The intrepid Americans will be lucky if they hit 100 before the first Olympic event. Rogowski could scarcely believe the ineptitude and inexperience that he witnessed at Lake Placid. Sadly, he trudged down the center of the course, dressed in a baggy pair of stars-and-stripes-covered Uncle Sam warmup trousers, a dark brown Polish overcoat and a much-used green stocking cap. He shrugged and smiled wanly as he said, "This track is O.K. for new people, new team, but it is not a good testing place for good luger. I should not be standing here in luge course, I should be at side taking notes. There are many problems here. I do not expect much." He shook his head and moved on down the track, a refugee who was a long, long way from the ideal conditions he had known.

Still, there was a kind of shoot-the-works Americanism growing within him. He will take his little crew to Innsbruck. He will stride proudly in the colorful parade at the opening ceremonies, dressed in a smart new uniform from Montgomery Ward, by golly. There will be Piotr Rogowski, coach and leader of the most dauntless team at the XII Winter Olympiad—the lugers of the United States of America.

CONTINUED

LUGE & BOBSLED

The secret is in a fast running start, and West Germans Wolfgang Zimmerer, Sapporo gold medalist, and new partner Manfred Schumann, a former hurdles champ, have the fastest, which indicates a lock on the two-man bobsled event. They also lead the West German four-man team, but face stiffer competition in that event from the Swiss world champions. For the first time since 1956 the Italians may finish out of the medals in the four-man race, but Giorgio Alvera and Franco Perruquet should score in the two.

LUGE

MEN'S SINGLES

HANS RINN *East Germany*
DETLEV GUNTHER *East Germany*
HANS HEINRICH WINKLER *E. Ger.*
MANFRED SCHMID *Austria*

MEN'S DOUBLES

GÜNTHER-HAHN *East Germany*
HAHN-HAHN *East Germany*
SCHMID-SCHACHNER *Austria*
HILDERGARTNER-PLAIKNER *Italy*

WOMEN'S SINGLES

MARGIT SCHUMANN *East Germany*
UTE RUHROLD *East Germany*
EVA-MARIA WERNICKE *E. Ger.*
HALINA KANASZ *Poland*

BOBSLED

TWO-MAN

ZIMMERER-SCHUMANN *W. Ger.*
ALVERA-PERRUQUET *Italy*
SCHARFR-SCHARER *Switzerland*
DELLE KARTH-KOFEL *Austria*

FOUR-MAN

SWITZERLAND
WEST GERMANY
EAST GERMANY
AUSTRIA

Pride of Innsbruck, the bobsled-luge run offers a whirl and plenty of wiggles.





FIGURE SKATING

Practically the first thing Dianne de Leeuw did after gliding onto the ice at the recent European championships was take a pratfall. Second thing she did was get up and win the title, adding it to her world crown. A Californian who skates for The Netherlands, de Leeuw is considered good as gold at Innsbruck, with only one rival in sight. She is U.S. champ Dorothy Hamill, whose best chance is to run up an early score and go for broke in the finale, a strategy she is setting up. Odds are far more even with the men: British and European champ John Curry meets Russia's Vladimir Kovalev and East Germany's Jan Hoffmann, with Curry the early favorite. Russia's pairs team, Alexander Zaitsev and Irina Rodnina, seem safely locked in, to put it mildly, and in ice dancing, a new event this year, one U.S. pair, Millns-O'Connor, may stage a surprise.

MEN

JOHN CURRY *Great Britain*
VLADIMIR KOVALEV *U.S.S.R.*
JAN HOFFMANN *East Germany*
SERGEI VOLKOV *U.S.S.R.*

WOMEN

DIANNE DE LEEUW *The Netherlands*
DOROTHY HAMILL *U.S.A.*
CHRISTINE ERRATH *East Germany*
ELENA VODOREZOVA *U.S.S.R.*

Kicking as high as any Rockette, world champ Dianne de Leeuw hopes to put the Games on ice.



HOCKEY

The recent eight-game North American tour conducted by two Russian teams against NHL opponents was pure practice. For the real show at Innsbruck, Soviet Coach Boris Kulagin will select "from all the players who skated best against the professionals" to make up one club, which translates into pure murder. World handicappers of the game call it this way: the Russians seem a cinch but Czechoslovakia is capable of an upset. The U.S. entry could finish strong.

PUTTING IT ON ICE

U.S.S.R.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
FINLAND
EAST GERMANY

Soviet Forward Valery Kharlamov dazzles with speed; Vladislav Tretiak is the game's top goaltender.



PAIRS

ZAITSEV-RODNINA *U.S.S.R.*
ÖSTERREICH-KERMER *East Germany*
KAGELMANN-GROSS *East Germany*
GARDNER-BABILONIA *U.S.A.*

DANCE

GORSHKOV-PAKHOMOVA *U.S.S.R.*
MINENKOV-MOISEEVA *U.S.S.R.*
MILLNS-O'CONNOR *U.S.A.*
WATTS-GREEN *Great Britain*

CONTINUED



NORDIC SKIING

The star of an aerial troupe called the Young Eagles of Austria, newest sensation of ski jumping, is 17-year-old Toni Innauer (*left*). There are six Eagles, all groomed since they were fledglings by Baldur Preiml, bronze medalist on the 70-meter hill in 1968. Preiml put his kids on a new type of ski and a year-round training regimen, through wind-tunnel tests, even sent them to an institute to study will power. As an extra touch, he has obtained a secret wax for slow, wet snow—just the stuff for Innsbruck. "We have worked so hard it seems impossible to do more," Preiml says. Fair enough: his team first surprised everybody a year ago; then, in this winter's international jumping series, Innauer won three out of four events, ample indication the Eagles are ready to fly.

SKI JUMPING

70-METER HILL

TONI INNAUER *Austria*
KARL SCHNABL *Austria*
JOCHEN DANNENBERG *East Germany*
WILLY PÜRSTL *Austria*

90-METER HILL

KARL SCHNABL *Austria*
WALTER STEINER *Switzerland*
TONI INNAUER *Austria*
REINHOLD BACHLER *Austria*

NORDIC COMBINED

ULRICH WEHLING *East Germany*
RAUNO MIETTINEN *Finland*
TOM SANDBERG *Norway*
STEFAN HULA *Poland*

BIATHLON

HEIKKI IKOLA *Finland*
NIKOLAI KRUGLOV *U.S.S.R.*
ESKO SAIRA *Finland*
TOR SVENDSBERGET *Norway*

BIATHLON RELAY

FINLAND
U.S.S.R.
NORWAY
EAST GERMANY

CONTINUED

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So we went to 21 major cities and asked 550 drinkers to compare white rum with the leading brands of gin and vodka. 24.2% preferred gin. 34.4% preferred vodka. And 41.4% preferred white rum.

It should be noted that the white rum came from Puerto Rico — the only place where the law requires that rum be aged. And since smoothness is a direct result of aging, it's not surprising that more people liked the taste of white rum than gin or vodka.

Enjoy white rum in your next drink calling for gin or vodka. Before long you'll be telling your friends. Fortunately, government regulations don't prohibit you from doing that.

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10,000 Second Prizes:

Two tickets for the picture *Lucky Lady*.

Two things about this sweepstakes are extra cool. One is the great taste of KOOL cigarettes. The other is the 63-foot, $100,000 yacht "Lucky Lady." It's the yacht sailed by Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds in the production of the sensational new 20th Century-Fox movie *Lucky Lady*. And the yacht, or, if you prefer, a cool $100,000 in cash, just might become yours if you win the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. To enter, follow the official contest rules and mail in the entry blank. Then you'll be eligible for the drawing of the winner of "Lucky Lady," or two tickets for the film. Who knows? You may be sailing over cool waters or counting all that cool, green money. It's one of the coolest sweepstakes ever from the coolest cigarette ever. That's KOOL—Filter Kings, Super Longs, Milds and Box.



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Official Rules: 1. To enter, print your name, address, and zip code on the entry blank, or on a 3" x 5" sheet of paper. Mail to KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4448, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY! 2. Each entry must include two empty packs of KOOL, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have printed the words "COME UP TO KOOL" in plain block letters. Entries must be postmarked by March 1, 1976. 3. Prizes. The Grand Prize—the 63' yacht "Lucky Lady," valued at $100,000 or $100,000 cash. 10,000 second prizes—two tickets to the film *Lucky Lady*. Tickets are non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. 4. Grand Prize-winner chooses yacht or cash. The yacht will be delivered to the winner at its berth in California. Payment of Federal, state, and local taxes imposed on the prizewinner and the cost of delivering the yacht to the winner's home city are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. Prize is non-transferable. 5. Winners will be selected in a drawing conducted by H. Olsen & Co., the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. Grand Prizewinner must agree to use of his name and picture for this promotion. 6. This sweepstakes is open only to residents of the United States 21 years of age or older. Employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliate companies, advertising agencies, H. Olsen & Co., 20th Century-Fox Films, Inc., and their advertising agencies, and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state, and local laws apply. 7. For the name of the Grand Prizewinner, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: KOOL "Lucky Lady" Winners, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, Illinois 60677.



KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes
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Chicago, Illinois 60677

Please enter me in the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age and have read the official rules.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ (REQUIRED)

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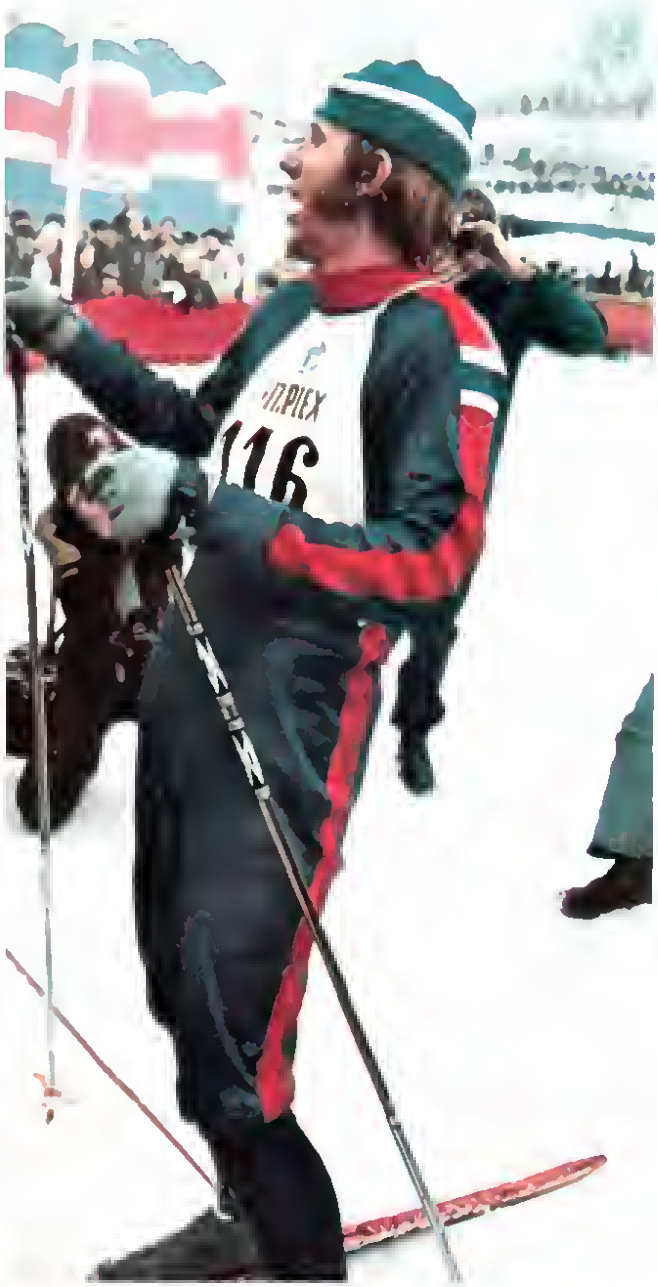
To really appreciate the Saab Philosophy, however, you must drive the result, the new Saab 99 GL. It will make you a believer... fast.

SAAB

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CROSS-COUNTRY

Here come the Russian women again, led by the unsinkable Galina Kulakova, 33, which means the rest of the female Nordics can stand aside. The real cold warfare will come in the men's events, with no country in control. Toughest race of them all is the 50 kilometers, a marathon that Norwegian Oddvar Brå seems to think is a sprint.





Bachelor farmer, perpetually in training, Oddvar Brå (left) is the best over the long haul.

The tough, determined Galina Kulakova (above) inspires weary resignation in others.

MEN

15 KILOMETERS

JUHA MIETO *Finland*
ARTO KOIVISTO *Finland*
SVEN-ÅKE LUNDBÄCK *Sweden*
VASILY ROCHEV *U.S.S.R.*

30 KILOMETERS

THOMAS MAGNUSON *Sweden*
GERT-DIETMAR KLAUSE *East Germany*
IVAR FORMO *Norway*
STANISLAV HENYCH *Czechoslovakia*

50 KILOMETERS

ODDVAR BRÅ *Norway*
MAGNE MYRMO *Norway*
GERHARD GRIMMER *East Germany*
JUHANI REPO *Finland*

4-X-10 RELAY

EAST GERMANY
NORWAY
U.S.S.R.
FINLAND

WOMEN

5 KILOMETERS

GALINA KULAKOVA *U.S.S.R.*
RAISA SMETANINA *U.S.S.R.*
HELENA TUKKALO *Finland*
ZINAIDA AMOSOVA *U.S.S.R.*

10 KILOMETERS

GALINA KULAKOVA *U.S.S.R.*
MARJATTA KAJOSMAA *Finland*
ZINAIDA AMOSOVA *U.S.S.R.*
RAISA SMETANINA *U.S.S.R.*

4-X-5 RELAY

U.S.S.R.
EAST GERMANY
FINLAND
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

CONTINUED

ALPINE SKIING



Everybody should know by now that the Triple Crown concept was retired with Jean-Claude Killy and that specialists have taken over the hills. Best of this new breed is Austrian downhiller Franz (call me Astronaut) Klammer, a cocky youth who is all bomber and almost unbeatable. Italy's World Cup champ Gustavo Thöni dominates the giant slalom and would likely seize the slalom as well if it weren't for Ingemar Stenmark, the Swedish stylist, and an army of Italians who get better by the race. The women's downhill battle is meaner, a showdown between Switzerland's Bernadette Zurbriggen and Austria's Brigitte Totschnig, the slight edge going to Zurbriggen only because of her heft. For the U.S., Cindy Nelson is expected to peak at Innsbruck, just in time to win a medal. In the women's slaloms, France has a chance for a comeback with Fabienne Serrat and Danielle Debernard, but Switzerland's indomitable Lise-Marie Morerod is favored in both.

U.S. hopes for an Alpine award ride with Cindy Nelson (above), who could peak in the downhill event.



It is not a case of win or lose with Italy's Gustavo Thöni, but whether he gets a gold medal or a silver.

MEN

DOWNHILL

FRANZ KLAMMER *Austria*
BERNHARD RUSSI *Switzerland*
DAVE IRWIN *Canada*
KLAUS EBERHARD *Austria*

GIANT SLALOM

GUSTAVO THÖNI *Italy*
PIERO GROS *Italy*
INGEMAR STENMARK *Sweden*
PHIL MAHRE *U.S.A.*

SLALOM

INGEMAR STENMARK *Sweden*
GUSTAVO THÖNI *Italy*
HANS HINTERSEER *Austria*
CHRISTIAN NEUREUTHER *West Germany*



Powering into the favorite's role, Barnadette Zurbriggan spearheads a Swiss attack.

Looking anything but shy, Franz Klammer (right) expects to smoke them all off in his race.



WOMEN

DOWNHILL

BERNADETTE ZURBRIGGEN *Switzerland*
BRIGITTE TOTSCHNIG *Austria*
CINDY NELSON *U.S.A.*
NICOLA SPIESS *Austria*

GIANT SLALOM

LISE-MARIE MOREROD *Switzerland*
MONIKA KASERER *Austria*
FABIENNE SERRAT *France*
HANNI WENZEL *Liechtenstein*

SLALOM

LISE-MARIE MOREROD *Switzerland*
DANIELLE DEBERNARD *France*
ROSI MITTERMAIER *West Germany*
PATRICIA EMONET *France*

CONTINUED



continued

SPEED SKATING

There are two important things to know about Sheila Young (*left*), the world sprint champion. First, U.S. Coach Peter Schotting considers her "the world's fastest female today at 500 and 1,000 meters. She is gutsy and simply explodes off the line, there is nobody who can beat her over the first 200 meters." Second, Sheila skates without socks, the better to sense cold steel and the ice underfoot—proof that she is prepared to suffer for her sport. Of all the Americans mentioned on the previous pages, the 25-year-old Young is the best U.S. bet for a gold medal; indeed, she is a strong candidate for two. Despite the fact that she has been knocking off victories regularly in a series of European Olympic warmup events—including breaking her U.S. record in the 1,000 meters—Young faces fearsome competition at Innsbruck. Among her major rivals will be two Russians. Tatyana Averina should win the 1,500 (Young plans to use that race as a warmup for her two specialties, the 500 and 1,000), and the other is the 180-pound Lyubov Sadchikova, she of the Cinerama thighs. A third rival is the daintier Leah Poulos of the U.S., who is speed skating's equivalent of a clutch-hitter.

In the men's events, experts will be puzzling over several imponderables right up to the starting guns. Oddly, skating-mad Holland has not produced another giant to fill the skates of Ard Schenk, winner of three gold medals at Sapporo in 1972; surprisingly, the Russians seem loaded with sprinters and distance men and, finally, there are tall skinny Peter Mueller of the U.S. (*inset*) and a clutch of Norwegians. Mueller, just 21 and also coached by Schotting, a relentless drill master, burst into the front rank of world-class sprinters only two months ago when he defeated all the top Russians at a meet in Berlin. His skates are custom-built higher than the standard so that he can lean farther into the turns—and does he ever lean. Mueller may not beat Yevgeny Kulikov in the 500, since that Soviet whiz set a world record of 37 seconds for the event last year to become the world's fastest self-propelled human. And Mueller may not beat 29-year-old Valery Muratov in the 500, either; that Russian bronze medalist of 1972 thirsts for a gold medal before retiring. Ah, but the 1,000 meters, Mueller's favorite and a new Olympic event—that just might be the one.

In the long-haul events, Norway has a tradition of superb skaters going back to the inception of the Winter Games in 1924. With the Dutch falling off this year, Norwegian Sten Stensen, a 28-year-old army lieutenant, should find clear ice for two golds—in the 5,000 and 10,000—to add to the bronze medals he won at those distances in 1972. His teammate, Jan Egil Storholt, 26, made a wise decision in opting to concentrate on the 1,500. Although he has been half-blind and nearly deaf since a mine explosion seven years ago, Storholt beat the Russians in 1975 at their own training ground in Alma Ata in the Pamir Mountains. As an added incentive, he will be skating for his own birthday present: the 1,500-meter race at Innsbruck falls on the day he becomes 27.

—ANITA VERSCHOTH

MEN

500 METERS
YEVGENY KULIKOV *U.S.S.R.*
VALERY MURATOV *U.S.S.R.*
PETER MUELLER *U.S.A.*
ALEXANDER SAFRONOV *U.S.S.R.*

1,000 METERS
PETER MUELLER *U.S.A.*
YEVGENY KULIKOV *U.S.S.R.*
ALEXANDER SAFRONOV *U.S.S.R.*
DAN CARROLL *U.S.A.*

1,500 METERS
JAN EGIL STORHOLT *Norway*
AMUND SJORBREND *Norway*
HANS VAN HELDEN *The Netherlands*
DAN CARROLL *U.S.A.*

5,000 METERS
STEN STENSEN *Norway*
VLADIMIR IVANOV *U.S.S.R.*
VIKTOR VARLAMOV *U.S.S.R.*
HARALD OHME *East Germany*

10,000 METERS
STEN STENSEN *Norway*
VIKTOR VARLAMOV *U.S.S.R.*
YURY KONDAKOV *U.S.S.R.*
KLAAS VRIEND *The Netherlands*

WOMEN

500 METERS
SHEILA YOUNG *U.S.A.*
VERA KRASNOVA *U.S.S.R.*
LYUBOV SADCHIKOVA *U.S.S.R.*
LEAH POULOS *U.S.A.*

1,000 METERS
SHEILA YOUNG *U.S.A.*
UTE DIX *East Germany*
LYUBOV SADCHIKOVA *U.S.S.R.*
LEAH POULOS *U.S.A.*

1,500 METERS
TATYANA AVERINA *U.S.S.R.*
NINA STATKEVICH *U.S.S.R.*
KARIN KESSOW *East Germany*
GALINA STEPANSKAYA *U.S.S.R.*

3,000 METERS
GALINA STEPANSKAYA *U.S.S.R.*
KARIN KESSOW *East Germany*
ERWINA RYS *Poland*
TATYANA AVERINA *U.S.S.R.*

END

A whole 'nother ball game

Deep in the heart of football territory, a talented bunch of players who prefer buckets to blitzes suddenly have established a wintertime toehold

Nothing is ever going to take the place of football in the hearts of Southwest Conference fans. You can bet your lifetime supply of Cotton Bowl tickets on that. But occasionally there are signs that basketball may move out of the Stone Age and find some diehards of its own.

Not represented at the NCAA national finals since 1956, the Southwest Conference's version of the sport has undergone a recent face-lift that includes out-of-state players, bigger recruiting budgets, new coaches, fully integrated rosters, shattered attendance records and even a new team, Houston. Considering that the league's record has been 50-34 outside the conference this year—its first winning mark in four years—all the commotion seems to be producing the best basketball in SWC history.

It is high time, say the conference's critics, who note with some accuracy that the biggest upswing around the league is in conversation about how improved it is. There is plenty of that, and it is not all wishful thinking. Texas A&M, SMU and Houston each knocked off a preseason Top 20 foe early in the schedule. And despite a banner recruiting year, defending champion A&M, which again is favored to win the conference and has a 4-1 record, is not going to have an easy time repeating. Arkansas proved that last weekend by defeating the Aggies 93–91 in double overtime at Fayetteville. However, the inhospitable manner in which long-feared Houston has been greeted by its new colleagues is the clearest indicator that league play is vastly better.

Cougar Coach Guy Lewis once said that he could beat any SWC team with his freshman squad. That was probably true back in the '60s when Houston was a match for UCLA. This year, after waiting four seasons for their first Southwest Conference game, the Cougars were stomped by Arkansas 92–47. More defeats have followed.



A&M'S WILLIAMS IS ONE OF THE RECRUITS MAKING THE SWC ROUGH FOR HOUSTON

"Things are different now, that's all," said A&M Coach Shelby Metcalf last week after his Aggies handed Houston its third loss in six SWC games, 74–67. "The league is so much better that nobody can dominate it. In 1969, when A&M won the title, I started five white Texans. So when we first agreed to admit Houston in 1971, I was worried. They had great black players from all over the country and were good enough to have put us all out of business. That's why we needed a four-year grace period."

Metcalf's star forward, Sonny Parker, is a perfect example of the changes since 1971. SWC schools now average three blacks and two out-of-staters per starting lineup, and Parker belongs in both categories.

A slim, 6′7″ senior from Chicago with plenty of moves and lightning speed, he is quite a contrast to the slew-footed dinosaurs who patrolled the league's frontcourts in the past. And pro scouts are high on him, which is unusual since there are no former Southwest Conference players in the NBA or ABA.

Parker is only one of at least four surefire pro prospects now in the league. The others are a pair of senior centers, Ira Terrell of SMU and Rick Bullock of Texas Tech, both Texans, and Houston's junior guard Otis Birdsong, a native of Florida. And the talent does not stop there. Texas A&M starts two superb freshmen—6′3″ Karl Godine and 6′6″ Jarvis Williams, who together led Houston's Kashmere High to 78 consecutive victories and turned down nearly 600 scholarship offers between them in order to become Aggies. There are equally skilled recruits at Texas Tech, Baylor and Arkansas.

Five SWC coaches are alumni of the schools where they work, but SMU's Sonny Allen and Arkansas' Eddie Sutton will keep them from becoming complacent. Allen won the NCAA Division II title last year at Old Dominion. When he left Creighton two years ago Sutton chose the SWC, even though he had job offers from the Big Ten, the ACC and the Big Eight.

"I've made a decision to stay in the league a long time," says Sutton. "I don't see why it can't be improved quality-wise to compete with football."

Sounds fine, Eddie. Maybe the league champion will even rise up and win an NCAA tournament game, something

continued

More cigarette vs. your cigarette.

1. Is your cigarette as long and as lean as our cigarette for more pleasure, more style?
2. Does your cigarette draw as easy as our cigarette for more tobacco enjoyment?
3. Does your cigarette smoke slower than a 100 mm cigarette for more smoking time?
4. Does your cigarette come in a burnished brown wrap so it looks as good as it smokes?
5. Does your cigarette sit neat in your hand like it was made for it and fit your face like it found a home?
6. Does your cigarette give you all this yet cost no more than a 100 mm cigarette (which means more for your money)?



If the answer to all these questions is yes, your cigarette is probably More. Because there's only one cigarette that's so much more. More.

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Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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that has happened only once since 1969. But fan loyalties to football are not going to swing to the new sport overnight. That was evidenced by a slip of the tongue during last week's A&M-Houston game at College Station. Parker put up a shot that a teammate touched while it was still on the rim. "The basket was disallowed," said the P.A. man, "because of offensive pass interference."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST Defense. As usual, that is what UTEP Coach Don Haskins is stressing to his Miners, who are second in the nation, allowing the opposition an average of 55 points. But two nights in a row Haskins found there was something for which he could find no defense—an aching stomach. He spent much of the second half of games against Arizona and Arizona State in the locker room, while his assistant, Gene Iba, did the coaching. UTEP's rivals must be hoping that Iba gets sick, too. Against Arizona the Miners played their stingiest defense of the season, holding the Wildcats to 18 points in the second half as UTEP wrapped up a 61–42 WAC win. Front-liners Gary Brewster, John Saffle and Calvin Hale limited Arizona's Bob Elliott and Al Fleming, who had been combining for nearly 40 points a game, to only seven shots and no field goals. Arizona shot .261 from the field, State .382 as UTEP won 69–64. That left the Miners tied for first place in the WAC with New Mexico and Arizona. The Lobos defeated Arizona State 65–63 when George Berry sank two free throws after time had expired, and lost to Arizona 80–79.

Defense is also Oregon Coach Dick Harter's favorite subject, and he felt that not all his starters were guarding with the abandon that had earned the Ducks the nickname Kamikaze Kids. So when Oregon took on Pacific Eight leader Oregon State, Harter had three new starters. One of them, freshman Forward Danny Mack, was primarily responsible for destroying State's pass-and-cut offense. His performance, plus 55 points from Greg Ballard and Ron Lee, enabled Oregon to pull off an 83–68 upset. Washington downed Hawaii 87–77 and 73–68.

The first 20-game winner of the season is Nevada-Las Vegas, which sprinted past Nevada-Reno 120–98 and 125–91. Reno trailed just 94–93 in the opener, then Sudden Sam Smith of the Rebels lived up to his nickname by flicking in seven points in 15 seconds.

1. NEV.-LV (20-0) 2. WASHINGTON (16-1)

MIDEAST They weren't whistling *Dixie* in the Southeastern Conference; all those shrill sounds were referees signaling fouls. When Mississippi State played at Alabama, 58 personals and three technicals were called. The Crimson Tide broke a 71-all tie on a play in which the Bulldogs were slapped with a personal and two technicals. Alabama (6-1 in the SEC) turned those fouls into three points, got a school-record 14 assists from Anthony Murray and won 92–81. Earlier, Alabama had knocked off stalling Mississippi 64–41. Tennessee also won despite fouls and slowdown tactics. The Vols nipped Mississippi 56–53 and, in a game marred by 47 personals and four technicals, beat Auburn 83–78.

It was from one court to another for Minnesota Center Mike Thompson, who obtained a restraining order that temporarily kept the NCAA from banning him because he scalped tickets last year. On the basketball court, Thompson scored 29 points in a 96–84 win over Wisconsin. Minnesota then led Indiana 45–40 at halftime, but the Hoosiers hit 12 of their first 14 shots in the second half and won 85–76. Thompson, who finished with 17 points, had just six in the final period as the Hoosiers sagged in to keep the ball from him. The Gophers' Ray Williams, who had 22 first-half points, got only 12 more after Bob Wilkerson was assigned to cover him.

On the way to Indiana, Purdue's bus was in an accident from which the Boilermakers escaped unscathed. They were not so fortunate against the Hoosiers, who blew an 11-point lead but prevailed 71–67 as Scott May tossed in 32 points. Purdue also lost 84–80 to Michigan.

Notre Dame pressured UCLA into errors. UCLA pressured Notre Dame into errors. Notre Dame got 30 points from junior Adrian Dantley. UCLA got 30 points from junior Richard Washington. What gave the Irish the advantage was Don Williams' outside sniping. His 18 points were crucial in finishing off the Bruins 95–85.

Centenary beat Northwestern State of Louisiana 84–82 with the help of a field goal by State's Billy Reynolds. Reynolds, who had 24 points and 11 rebounds, started off the second half with a fast-break basket at the wrong end of the floor. A Northwestern spokesman refused to go along with the Reynolds rap, saying, "If it hadn't been for him, we wouldn't have been close anyway."

1. INDIANA (18-0) 2. MARQUETTE (14-1)

MIDWEST Coach Guy Strong of Oklahoma State was fuming after an 88–67 loss at Missouri. "When they come to Stillwater, they better be ready," Guy said strongly, claiming that three of his Cowboys had been swung at by the Tigers. Calmed down, he added, "Missouri is one of the best teams I've seen in the Big Eight in years." The Tigers appeared to be precisely that, pulling away from the Cowboys even though all their starting frontcourt men sat out the last 16 minutes with four fouls apiece. Missouri also belabored Iowa State 84–68. Kansas State remained one game behind the league leaders as it downed Colorado 70–63 and Oklahoma 65–51.

Memphis State's 6′11″ John Washington blocked the first four shots taken by Cincinnati's 6′10″ Robert Miller to start the Tigers off to an 85–79 upset of the Bearcats. Bill Cook and Dexter Reed teamed up for 50 Memphis State points, and Alvin Wright sealed the verdict with four foul shots.

Louisville, abandoning its hurry-up tactics for a zone defense and a chesslike offense, continued its resurgence by stopping Wichita State 56–52 and West Texas State 69–57.

1. MISSOURI (18-2) 2. CINCINNATI (13-3)

EAST All the ingredients were on hand for another frantic week in the ACC: a Ford, a Carr, a DC-3 and a foul after time had elapsed. At halftime Maryland led North Carolina 47–37, but with Phil Ford running the offense the Tar Heels fought back to an 87–87 tie at the end of regulation play. In overtime Ford directed Carolina's four-corners offense, passing off for two baskets and scoring one himself, as the Tar Heels (5-1 in the league) won 95–93. Maryland (1-3) also lost to Clemson, which flew in aboard the same DC-3 that took Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt to Yalta in 1945. But the Tigers played with jet-age zip, forcing the Terps' guards into 20 turnovers and winning 82–77. Performing at home without the benefit of a flight in its good-luck plane, Clemson lost to Virginia 69–62. With 0:00 on the clock and 67–67 on the scoreboard, North Carolina State's Al Green sank a free throw that upended North Carolina. State (3-1) then outlasted Duke 106–101 as Kenny Carr made 17 of 23 shots and scored 44 points.

Summing up Princeton's guarding during a 58–55 overtime defeat of St. John's, losing Coach Lou Carnesecca said, "Excellent. Excellent. Just marvelous." The Tiger defense was all of that, forcing 25 turnovers by the usually poised Redmen. On offense, Princeton got its game-clinching points on a layup by Armond Hill.

Rutgers zapped Lehigh 102–87 and Lafayette 113–79. Holy Cross (14-3) beat Yale 61–57, Fairfield 89–78 and Rochester 99–86.

To Virginia College, a 100-student seminary, goes the Turn-the-Other-Cheek Award. After losing to Beckley (W. Va.) College 132–43 a few weeks ago, the Virginians declined the winners' offer to cancel a rematch. This time Beckley won 166–30.

1. RUTGERS (13-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (13-2)



The Olympic hope of Olympia Manor, Pauline Litowsky is, at 16, the most accomplished of all the athletes in residence at Coach Vannie Edwards' live-in training establishment

On the beam at the young folks' home

The sleepy town of Belcher may never be the same again. Not with all those young women dancing on a balance beam in the front yard of the old Pitts home.

Belcher, La. is a hamlet of some 480 souls, 18 miles north of Shreveport. It sits amid cotton and soybean fields and pecan orchards, and until recently its *main attractions* had been a couple of stately plantations and a small railroad station at which a train stops twice a day to pick up cotton. Then, late last summer, Vannie Edwards, who is one of the best gymnastics coaches in the country, bought the neglected 67-year-old Pitts mansion out on Highway 3049. By the end of August he was settling in with a staff of four coaches, a pianist, six quarter horses, a wrangler—and his team of 11 gymnasts, all lively, sharp-looking girls ranging in age from 13 to 20.

The new arrivals cut the waist-high grass of the 15-acre pasture surrounding the mansion. They washed the exterior until it sparkled, polished its mahogany floors and built a stable for the horses. They set up a balance beam and a trampoline under the big oak tree on the front lawn, and when the girls practiced on them the sight was guaranteed to stop any cars that happened along the old highway. One of the girls had brought a puppy named Olga, another a cat who fetches frogs from the swamps. They all hitched rides on the cotton wagons, bouncing about in the white fluff, and the community was so enchanted that it arranged a big fish fry at the cotton gin to welcome Edwards' girls properly. On the first Sunday after their arrival, the girls and their coaches filled the small Presbyterian church to capacity, and after the service the pastor asked, bewildered, "Where did all these young people *come* from?"

They came from as far north as Auburn and Saginaw, Mich., from Chipley in the Florida panhandle, from Huntsville, Ala., Houston, Tulsa and New Orleans. For Vannie Edwards, the move to Belcher was something of a homecoming, since he had taught at Centenary College in Shreveport. For the last 12 years he had conducted gymnastics camps in Summit, Miss., and, since 1972, had run them year-round. Edwards was the Olympic women's coach in 1964 and has been a manager on every Olympic and world championship team since then. What prompted him to pull up roots at the age of 39 and move his operation to the Belcher mansion was his divorce early this year, after 17 years of marriage. "Now that I'm single again, I thought that I might as well make a new start somewhere else," he says. "I have a 16-year-old son and a 13-year-old daughter back in Summit and they are the most important people in my life. But I can't stand to be without kids. To the girls here I try to be father and brother first and then coach."

Edwards' Belcher camp—he named it Olympia Manor—is one of four major

continued

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training centers in the country. The others are Dick and Linda Metheny Mulvihill's school in Eugene, Ore., Muriel Grossfeld's in New Haven, Conn. and Rod Hill's in Oenver. Edwards' camp differs from these in that he considers it his first duty to turn out competent and considerate young women and, secondarily, to develop their athletic talents. "I don't go after the best gymnasts in the country," he says. "I'm interested in their personalities and whether they will take to the country life. If they are unhappy in a rural environment they won't respond to training. Girl gymnasts are high-strung, like racehorses. A house in the country is the most perfect place to unwind."

Edwards' house has 11 bedrooms, six baths and four kitchens, so there is a reasonable amount of privacy for everyone, but the atmosphere is that of a large happy family that does everything together. The girls live two to a room and are responsible for keeping the house clean and orderly. They learn to shop economically with allowances from their parents and they all cook their own meals. One recent morning Edwards was alarmed by an acrid smell and, rushing to find out whether the house was on fire, discovered that 13-year-old Oionne Estopinal had tried to make donuts for breakfast. Unsuccessfully.

The girls' parents pay $115 per month for gymnastics instruction. This covers utilities and the cars Edwards has leased to take the team to exhibitions and competitions around the country. His assistants, Neal and Oiane King, Oavid Neel and Jim Archer, are all experienced coaches, but work for bed and board. "It's incredible that this many guys who are not interested in making money got together," says Neal King.

The girls do not pay for their stay at the house. "They are invited guests," says Edwards. To enjoy that privilege, they have transferred to Shreveport schools, where they attend morning classes. In the afternoons they assemble in a modern gym at the Shreveport YWCA for a three-hour workout. Two evenings a week the girls become the coaches, teaching some 180 other girls, mostly children under 10.

Edwards himself has never done a back handspring in his life. He played football, basketball and baseball in college and did not even see a gymnastics meet until he was 21 years old. He was instantly attracted and began to study the sport at clinics, exhibitions and competitions, and went on to film the European championships in Moscow, Paris, London and Rome. He is now considered by many to be the most progressive coach in the country. Muriel Grossfeld, who succeeded Edwards for the 1968 and '72 Olympics (when it was felt by many women in the sport that a female coach should lead the women's team), says, "He is one of the better coaches in the country—among the four or five I would call the best." Dale Flansaas, women's Olympic coach in 1976, says, "I have done a lot of clinics with Vannie, and I must say he is one of the very best. He is able to psychologically motivate his gymnasts, besides teaching them skills."

In the past it was assumed that a serious gymnast had to train six to eight hours a day and that some 100 repetitions were necessary to learn a new maneuver. Edwards feels that mental discipline is far more important than wearing down the body or "training like a robot." He strongly believes in the use of notebooks. The girls are required to describe their routines and what they must watch out for. "After they have written down a routine," he says, "I want them to shut their eyes and see themselves do it. Then they get on the equipment and perform. We can cut the repetitions to about 30 that way.

"Between performances they are expected to read in their notebooks. We know what they can do. If they fail, we tell them that it is not due to a physical limitation but to insufficient mental discipline. We work with videotape to point out their mistakes. You can punish your body all day long and gain nothing when your mind is not together."

Janie VanEman, a junior at Centenary and Edwards' oldest pupil, says, "It's a totally new approach. You accomplish something without killing yourself. Before I came to Mr. Edwards two years ago, I was on a team in Tulsa where we were doing tricks over and over for five hours. Now I just stop and say to myself, '*Think* about it!' I'm amazed at what can be done with the notebook and my mind working."

Edwards' best gymnast is 16-year-old Pauline Litowsky of Houston. She is ranked 18th in the U.S. and will be trying out for the Olympic team. She is working on a new, extremely difficult vault that, as far as anybody knows, has never been attempted by a woman before. It is a vault with a full twist and a 1½ front somersault, and for the time being she needs three coaches to spot her and prevent her from diving into the mat head first. At a recent workout, Assistant Coach Archer began to advise her, but Pauline interrupted him. "Stop," she said. "Let *me* think." Edwards grinned.

Donut-maker Dionne, a Cajun from New Orleans, is the youngest of the group, and, at 4′8″ and 90 pounds, the smallest. "She is our best prospect for the 1980 Olympics," says Edwards, "but right now she is still allowed to play. We don't push her too hard. We want her to enjoy being a child a bit longer." Oionne won't have any of that. "I work as hard as anybody else," she says. "That's what I am here for. I want to go to the Olympics." A sampling from her notebook reads: "Watch out for the toes when doing the rutens [her way of spelling routines]. You have to think toes, butt, arms, fingers, head. Oionne just going to have to concentrate. What do you think your notes are for?"

One recent evening, 17-year-old Carol Vandiver, who inherited her features and elegant movements from her Japanese mother, tried to express what Olympia Manor is all about. "When we are traveling and staying at the homes of other gymnasts," she said, "we are asked a lot of questions by the parents. They want to know whether Mr. Edwards wasn't taking us away from our families. They think that at our age it is vital to be with our parents. I tell them that I'm closer to my parents now than I have ever been. We learn to appreciate all the things they have done for us. When we were living at home, we took everything for granted. Now, just receiving a letter from home is something special. I was a stubborn and selfish teen-ager, but when you live with 10 other girls, you have to think about their feelings. Mr. Edwards explained to me that I had to get along with the others. He said I didn't have to *like* them, but it is hard not to. I have changed. I really care. This place is an opportunity you can't pass up. Every girl should have the chance to try it sometime."

Whereupon she produced her latest culinary achievement. Carol is not only developing her gymnastics skill at Olympia Manor, she has learned to bake a Spicy Carrot Snake Cake. **END**

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All aboard for a peek at sport

Freedom Train, which features a sports car, is chugging the rails

Charlie Topper of Ogden, Utah is a red, white and blue American. He not only knows the words to the national anthem, but sings them on appropriate occasions. His idea of natural beauty is those American flags over yonder that frame the snowy Wasatch Mountains and blow against the postcard blue of the Utah sky.

So Charlie looks and feels in his element as he walks down the ramp leading from the red, white and blue American Freedom Train—10 cars of exhibits lauding America's past. The train is nomading its way about the country these days as a principal thread in the Bicentennial quilt.

One car is devoted entirely to sports, and Charlie likes it a lot. Why? "I think everyone can visualize himself holding that Hank Aaron bat and dream of hitting those home runs," he says. "Besides, I'm a sentimentalist. I get tears in my eyes looking at this kind of stuff." And in fact Charlie's tear ducts *do* look ready to respond.

Another train visitor, Richard Clayton of Logan, Utah gives the sports car high marks and sniffs at the observation that devoting an entire car to sports might be excessive. He comments, "Sports are a big part of the American heritage. Once you've worked hard, you play hard." Norman Evans, a Brigham Young University student, thinks that "sports bring out the true American spirit, of responding to challenge, and it is competition that makes us great."

The train is scheduled to make its last appearance in Miami next December after 21 months, $17.5 million in expenses, 17,000 miles, and stops in more than 115 cities in the 48 contiguous states. By then, an estimated eight million people will have paid $2 each (kids and old folks $1) to stand on a conveyor belt and be whisked through America's first 200 years in 22 minutes.

Sara Wolf, curator of the exhibit, says of the sports car, "It's sort of everybody's favorite. They don't learn anything but they have fun and see things they like." Wolf is perhaps too harsh on her own exhibits. It is true, of course, that you don't learn much staring at a shirt worn by former National Basketball Association official Mendy Rudolph. But for a generation of kids who assume that plastic was here before the Indians, there is much to be said for the presence of the old *leather* football helmet. And maybe the Cherokee lacrosse stick is similarly educational.

The sports car is glittery, garish, chaotic, showy. Which puts it in step with sport. Elsewhere in the train is a quotation from Andrew Wyeth: "I want to show Americans what America is like." The sports car helps do that.

In a bit less than two minutes' gliding past 60 sports artifacts and a montage of pictures and sounds, much will be missed—like the Chris Evert tennis racket just as you enter, since at that moment you'll be trying not to fall down on the conveyor belt. There are Jim Thorpe's medals, Gale Sayers' No. 40 jersey, the Heisman Trophy won by Leon Hart, a Larry Mahan belt buckle and those funny-looking shoes that gave grip to the feet below Elroy Hirsch's crazy legs.

There are the Oakland A's championship trophy from 1973, caps worn by Johnny Bench and Willie Mays, a picture of *Intrepid* hidden by A. J. Foyt's helmet and a pair of Joe Frazier's trunks that have the style and shape of a pup tent. There is a boxing film being shown on television screens, but you will not come close to seeing it all, because by the time the film is finished, you will be out of the sports car and well into the performing-arts car admiring a hat that Mary Pickford wore in *The Taming of the Shrew* in 1929.

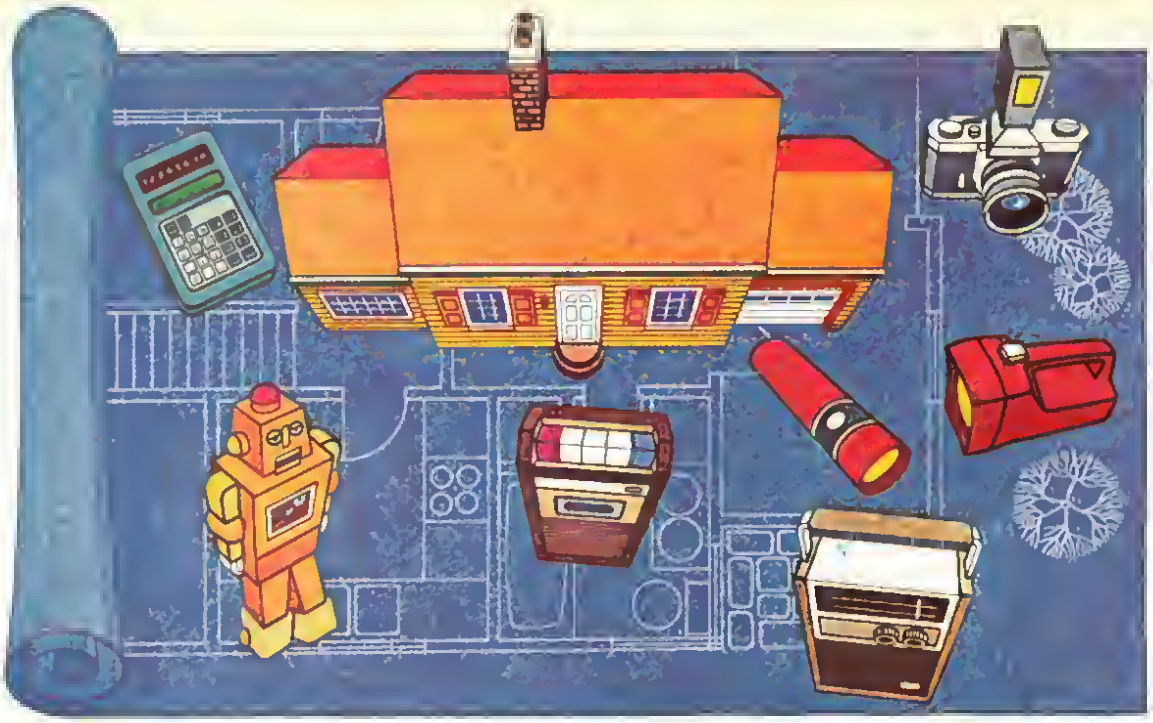
That's the rub; once a visitor sets foot on the conveyor belt, there is no chance of getting off. As you move along you get an informational overload, and there is no way to pause and organize your head as you can in a museum. Charles E. Aly, boss of the train, says the belt originally was set at 42 feet per minute, "but after three reports of whiplash, we slowed it to 36 feet." The latest reduction to a still quick 33 feet is it, says Aly. Running the belt any slower, he contends, would mean waiting lines of intolerable length.

continued



VISITORS LINE UP FOR A GLIMPSE OF BOB LANIER'S SHOES, AMONG OTHER THINGS


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Still being stung by complaints that a visit to the train is mostly a blur at 33 per, a train official posted a memo for the train's employees: "We are not a museum. We are trying to present the growth of our country over a 200-year period and therefore we are an 'experience' rather than a museum." Says Aly, "We're an impression."

And the impression in the sports car is of a lot of excitement generated by many athletes, of extraordinary performance under pressure, of Americans who done good. In those moments on the conveyor belt, the sports car does better than any of the others in generating a feel for who we were and who we are.

According to train officials, the sports car also has the best-remembered item of all: the size 20 shoe of Detroit Piston star Bob Lanier. It certainly leads the train in being pointed at. An old lady in a flowery dress is aghast as she points and says, "Are there really people with feet that big?" For years Lanier hated everyone looking down at his feet instead of up at his talent. Now he seems able to handle it: his personal stationery has a big foot on it.

The No. 2 sports attraction is the bat Aaron used to hit his 714th home run—the one that tied Babe Ruth's record—and the ball that took the trip. Fahy Robinson Jr., 18, talks glowingly of seeing the Aaron treasures: "You watch on TV and it seems so far from reality. You see up close yourself and that makes it real."

Nikki Longworth helped collect the sports artifacts, and she admits the train people would have preferred the 715 bat and ball, which were not available. But that is a minor disappointment. A major one is that Ruth is represented only by a film clip. Train staffers say the baseball Hall of Fame wouldn't part with anything. The director at Cooperstown, Ken Smith, says that's not true: "They asked for Ruth's locker and we said no. Then they never asked for anything else." The train's designer, Barry Howard of Scarsdale, N.Y., says, "I don't want to say the various halls of fame were uncooperative. Let's just say they were skeptical."

Muhammad Ali is represented only by his mouth via tape recording. Joe Louis kept promising to send a pair of boxing gloves, and Bear Bryant did the same with a hat, but neither item was there when the train pulled out of Alexandria, Va. last March at the start of a journey that had been nearly aborted more than once.

Freedom Train was conceived in 1969 by a New York commodities broker, Ross Rowland, who loves trains and the chance to play engineer. There is $250,000 of Rowland's own money in the project, but not one federal dollar. Says Rowland, "I called a meeting to see what people thought of my idea. Of the 812 who came, 811 said I was nuts. It was then I knew I was on the right track." The American Freedom Train Foundation was formed, but it developed the alarming habit of going broke routinely.

When the idea seemed hopelessly derailed financially, Rowland caught the attention of the wheels at Pepsi-Cola. They kicked in $1 million; three other corporations (Kraft, GM and Prudential) were cajoled into doing likewise, so was an oil company that prefers anonymity. Suddenly, Rowland was able to say, "All aboard." Petr Spurney, president of the Freedom Train Foundation, crows, "We're the only Bicentennial box-office smash." And while the project likely will finish in the red with a deficit of $1.5 million, it is attracting an average of 13,500 visitors a day (capacity is 16,500 in a normal 14-hour day), and Spurney says, "Any businessman would love to be operating anything at 80% capacity like we are."

"Sports are the third most important subject in the United States," says Rowland, "behind sex and religion." The train has no sex or religion car. It does, however, have cars focusing on exploration, growth, innovations and fine arts. "Women say they like the fine-arts car best," says Aly, "because they think they should. Men say they like the sports car because they think they should."

"I would hope the sports car would generate questions," Spurney says. "Are we approaching sport the way we should be? Do we have our sense of priorities right?" Aly says, "We want people to feel pride in America when they go through this train, but we want to leave them with one basic question: Where do we go from here?"

One visitor thinks a good place would be to Pittsburgh, to pick up something belonging to the Steelers' Franco Harris. "Can you imagine," he snorts, "having nothing here from Harris!"

The train has had its moments. It hit a dump truck in Nebraska, an antelope in Wyoming and delays in Omaha, where it needed extensive repair. Engineer Doyle McCormack says, "This isn't just a bunch of junk in a museum in Washington that most people are never gonna see. We're stopping within an hour's drive of 90% of the total population of this country. There is too much negative news. This is positive."

That is sentiment right down Charlie Topper's tracks **END**



FOOTBALL MEMORABILIA ARE GIVEN A PROMINENT POSITION IN THE SPORTS COACH

Shooting elk in a barrel

Worthy as the aim may be, the special season in Montana looks like a massacre, and it raises questions about the best way to thin a herd

The early nightfall of winter has closed tightly upon the edge of the Yellowstone plateau. A blizzard is lashing the town of Gardiner, Mont. as a man, an outlander, walks from the Town Cafe over to the K-Bar, wondering what there is to do here at night. As he passes the Two-Bit Saloon he sees, across the street, a bull elk walking up the sidewalk. The animal's pace is slow, like that of a patient in a nursing home going down the hall to the bathroom. A dog runs out of a nearby yard and starts barking at the elk, which stops and turns, looking anything but intimidated. The dog hesitates, then skulks back into its yard. The elk ambles on toward a gas station.

In the bar it is warm and noisy. "My uncle shot an elk once that was over a mile away," a man announces to an audience largely distracted by a comely blonde who is stretched over the pool table trying for a shot on the one ball. "Just fired into the herd and got one," he goes on, anticipating a reaction that is not forthcoming.

"Hell," another man interrupts loudly, "in the old days we saw a lot of that on the 'firing line.' I remember an opening day at Deckard Flat. Just getting light, not quite shooting time. Must have been 500 elk standing out there. I said to myself, I ain't waiting another minute and I dropped one. The minute I fired the whole valley opened up. I mean those boys cut loose. Myself, I hit a dozen. When it was over all the elk were dead or run out of sight."

A young man playing a game of Foozball is horrified. "There ought to be a bounty on some of these guys," he says, though not loudly enough to be overheard by the storyteller who happens to be very large.

The following morning, the second Saturday in January, is brilliantly clear. While people shovel their walks, some elk are sitting in the sun opposite the Town Cafe, chewing their cuds. Across the street in front of the restaurant, a number of pickup trucks are parked. Without exception, all have dead elk in back. It is the second day of the 1976 special elk season at Gardiner. So far, 79 gunners have passed through the Department of Fish and Game's check station and they have killed 79 elk, almost all of them bulls. "One hundred percent success," an official notes with pride.

Not all Montanans share his feeling about the special season. Through clenched teeth a great many will hiss "slaughter" at mention of the shoot designed to thin the population of Yellowstone Park's northern herd. Others, less emotional but still openly disgusted, call it the Deckard Flat Massacre.

Such anger is, historically, well aimed: the old Gardiner shoots—the "firing line," as they were known until they were called off in 1967—were a travesty of hunting. Anyone with a high-powered rifle, a license and an elk tag could wander among the wintering elk, shooting them at will. In contrast, the current eight-weekend special season is highly organized, both in rationale and practice. It becomes logical, almost inevitable, when explained by Arnold Foss of the Montana Department of Fish and Game. "We manage the elk herds the same way a rancher does his cattle. We survey our range and from there go on to determine how many elk that range will support. Right now we have too many, a total of about 12,000 elk in Yellowstone Park, nearly 2,500 of which are wintering on land outside of the park that is under the jurisdiction of the Fish and Game Department." Overgrazing has been a continuing problem in Yellowstone Park and on surrounding Forest Service lands almost since records have been kept. Although the range is shared by deer, antelope and bighorn sheep, it is the elk, because of their large size and high rate of reproduction, that are held primarily responsible.

A certain amount of natural attrition is expected because of carnivorous predators during the lean months. However, when winter kill is as high as it has been recently, many carcasses go untouched. During the unusually long winter of 1974-75 an estimated 2,000 northern herd elk died of starvation. It follows that many of the surviving animals have also suffered the debilitating effects of famine.

In the past, the park rangers have killed and live-trapped elk to strengthen the herd. The meat of those killed went to state hospitals, prisons and Indian reservations, while the trapped animals were moved to other locations within the state, in some cases establishing healthy herds where there were none before. But moving elk is enormously expensive, and now, because of the earlier plantings, most suitable areas have adequate elk populations; adding more animals would amount to transporting the problem at Yellowstone to another location. Therefore, the Department of Fish and Game authorized this year's special season.

To obtain one of the 2,000 special permits, you had to apply before July 1, 1975. But before you may shoot on the date selected for you by a computer, you must check in at Corwin Springs. There, fish and game personnel first make sure you have a valid conservation license, an unused elk tag and the special permit. Next you are shown a map of the 144-square-mile area that is open, and carefully instructed about the use of access roads and the location of private property. Then you will hear a brief but explicit talk about your responsibilities in the field: pick one animal, be sure you are within range, shoot carefully to make a clean kill, dress it and tag it immediately and properly. Before leaving the area you must again check in at Corwin Springs where your kill will be recorded and examined.

When you actually get up on the vast sagebrush meadows and slopes where distances are so deceiving, you become aware of how enormous this territory is. Nevertheless, the act of *killing* an elk is no great feat. "You needn't leave your car if you don't want to," one warden says. "Sit still and wait. Some animals will move within range sooner or later." Still, there are examples of "bull fever." One shooter is observed snapping off shots at an elk clearly out of range. A warden—there is approximately one warden for every eight shooters—advises him to pick another animal, one about 500 yards closer. "It's much better to tell a man he is going to get himself in a bind

than to have to tell him he *is* in one," the warden says.

In spite of this supervision, wounded and crippled animals are still seen. Wardens who spot a wounded one look for a shooter who has not yet gotten an elk and ask him to take it. They do not insist. But for all of this and the justification of the shooting as a means of culling the herd, one begins to wonder if nature's way, with its ruthless efficiency leading to only the strong surviving, might not be better.

Watching these animals at their grazings or in their unconcerned promenades through the streets, you notice that they are distinctly bovine. They appear guileless and vulnerable, their enormous size a disadvantage in flight. Explaining why he has no interest in the special season, a man in a sporting-goods store in nearby Livingston said, "It would be no different than shooting a cow." Others do not like the special season for different reasons: they are afraid too many animals will be taken, adversely affecting the regular season; they claim the meat (up to 300 pounds per animal) is not in prime condition at this time of year and they fear the general negative publicity about blood sports.

None of these objections is unreasonable. But one point cannot be made too clear—the Gardiner affair is not a hunt, but rather a carefully controlled shoot. It is a harvest of surplus animals.

To call what is going on at Gardiner "hunting" simply confuses and complicates the issue. It is no more hunting than turning a bunch of fishermen loose in a trout hatchery is fishing—in either instance the challenge is nil while the chance of success is close to 100%.

Well-intentioned as the special season may be, to those who look upon hunting as an expression of freedom, there is certainly at least the suggestion here not only of dilution, but of loss.

Shooting becomes hunting only when the possibility of failure, through any number of specific difficulties, looms large as an aspect of the activity. To hunt means to search for something, and a hunter is one who does so with a deep and complex sense of his own fallibility and has an abiding respect for his quarry. Culling a herd by authorizing what amounts to an open-air shooting gallery from which nearly every customer comes away with a prize, does not meet those criteria. **END**



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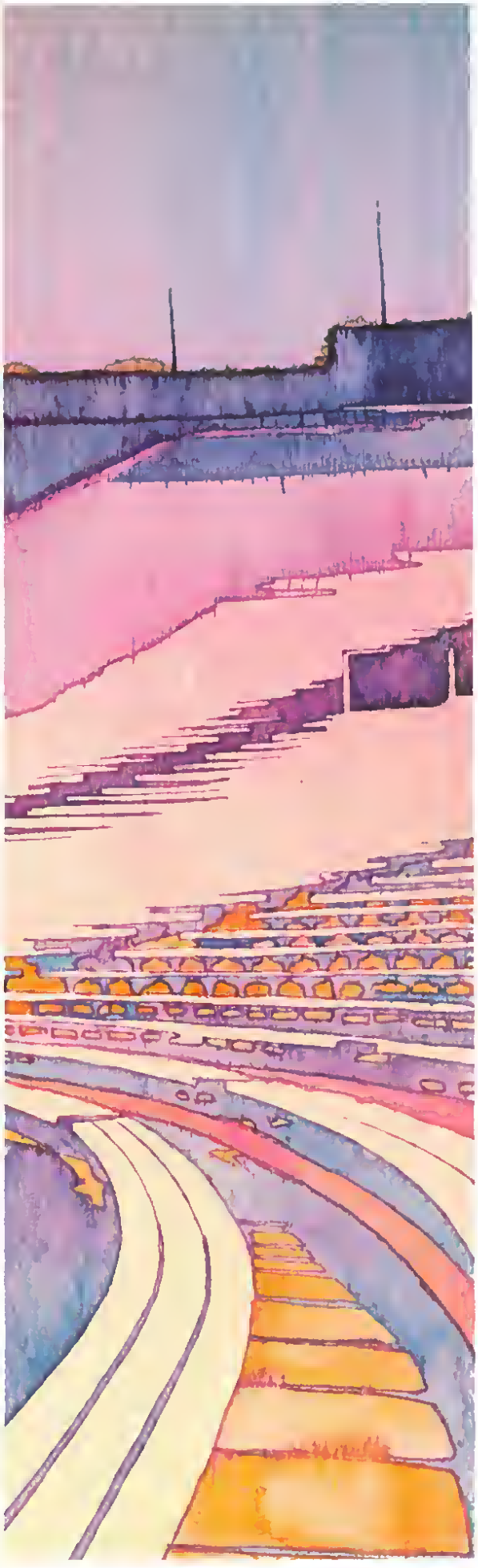
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The Scout Is a Lonely Hunter

The man searching for pro football talent spends his days in empty stands, stalking prospects at scrimmages, and his nights projecting gray, flickering game films on bed sheets that he has tacked to motel walls

by George Plimpton

CONTINUED





The scout had good reason to be tired. He had been on the road for almost four months. He had called on almost 50 colleges. He had "visited"—which is the way he described it—with a couple of hundred coaches, and he had seen, by his own reckoning, about 35 miles of football film, some of it of such murky quality that the action seemed to be going on in the depths of a fishpond. He stretched his legs out in front of him. What was going to be the best thing, he said, was getting into a different set of clothes, and especially putting the attaché case with all its scouting paraphernalia in the back of the closet where perhaps he could forget about it.

He began talking about the trademarks of his profession—the cowboy boots, which were sensible because they could be buffed up a bit and worn in a motel breakfast room and yet were fine for standing along the sidelines of a practice field in bad weather. Most of them come from Tony Lama's in El Paso, the scout said, because the proprietor takes as much as 60% off the price of boots if a scout visits with him and talks football. Leather, that was the other sartorial telltale—soft buckskin jackets, and suede, and often stiff new leather pants that creaked when the scout walked through the motel parking lot to his car. At the practice field he often wore a stopwatch hanging on a lanyard around his neck. That marked him, unless he was a track coach dawdling on his way to practice. A scout, that magic word; the players on the field would catch sight of him on the sidelines, the helmets turning just briefly. "They really begin to perform," the scout said. "I'm surprised that coaches don't use *dummy* scouts—just stick some cowboy boots, a buckskin jacket and a stopwatch on a janitor and set him out there on the sidelines and point at him. 'Look, everybody, look there, the guy from the Rams!' You'd have yourself some mighty fine practices. Of course, a kid will never let on that he knows a scout's there. But he'll miss a pass in practice, and you can tell by the way he stomps around and looks shocked that he is trying to tell you that it was only an act of God that he missed it. But he knows *we* know."

The scout was asked about the tools of his trade. "Well, in that attaché case you'll find a stopwatch. It's for timing pro prospects in the 40-yard sprints when the colleges have what's called Pro Day in the spring. Scouts put such stock in a guy's speed over the 40 that they'd time a prospect down an airplane aisle just to get a figure written on the performance sheet. And we use the stopwatch for checking the hang-time of punts, how fast a quarterback drops back and how quickly a center can get the ball to his punter." The scout laughed. "We've got to keep our stopwatch fingers in shape," he said. "Not too many beers, because you've got to time that center's snap to an accuracy of a tenth of a second. He's doing O.K. if he gets it back to the kicker in seven-tenths of a second, but he's on the border if it's nine-tenths.

"Now let's see. There's always a tape measure. We are always measuring people. Very important. I carry an architect's plastic drafting angle to use against the wall and get the kid's height exactly right when he's standing up there, because a lot of them will straio to get an extra millimeter or so, tilting their noses back, thinking that's going to heft them up a bit. In fact, it does just the opposite. You have to watch their feet, making sure they don't curl their toes under to push themselves up. Harley Sewell, the old Detroit Lion offensive guard who scouts for the Rams, told me that he always calls out, 'O.K., let's curl those toes up, son.' That stops 'em. But most kids these days are so damn big that you need to climb a ladder to measure them.



"Let's see. Some of us carry the Otis Self-Administering Test, which is a 20-minute exam that you can give a player. It will tell you for sure if you suspect he is an exceedingly slow learner, so that you can prepare for that when he turns up at your training camp and does the 40 in 4.9 and can truly run with the football but can't figure out what he's being told in the huddle.

"Now what else?" The scout pinched the bridge of his nose. "Usually, a scout has a pair of binoculars in his kit, seven power and never the opera type—not correct for scouting along the sidelines. Doesn't look right wearing all that suede and buckskin to be holding a li'l bitty opera glass and looking at some guy who weighs 270 pounds. A tape recorder. Legal pads. Pencils. Sometimes a pocket splicer for patching films. Eye drops. A roll of Scotch tape. That's for splicing broken film if you don't have a splicer—a junior-high splice, some scouts call it, and others, for reasons no one knows, call it an Al Davis splice, after the general manager of the Oakland Raiders. Whichever, the next scout who borrows that film from the athletic department will hear the splice rattle and chatter briefly in the machine before the film breaks, and the guy, with a good bit of cussing, reaches for *his* roll of tape.

"Then, of course, you carry a projector, a 16mm. motion-picture projector with the football club's decal on the carrying case so that when you walk through a motel lobby people will know that you're in football, not the blue-movie business. The projector is probably the most important device the scout has. With it, often in the coaches' conference rooms, but sometimes at the motel, the scout'll look at game films, reels that each college takes from up on the rim of the stadium of every game it plays. Each scout is supposed to see four game films on each prospect, which means that he'll see a player in action well over 100 times, and that's not counting the times that you flip the switch and rerun a play maybe a dozen times to check something out about the kid. And then you see him down on the practice field, maybe in a scrimmage, which is best. You might talk with him, just a few words, or, if he is a senior, you might *visit* with him, which is more of a commitment. You'll be trying to figure his attitude. And then you visit with his coaches. You have to be careful. Most coaches oversell their players. Obviously, they have a natural affection for them and will recommend someone totally unsuitable for the pros because of a great play the kid made in his junior year that may have saved the coach his job."

The scout grinned. "Sometimes the coach's reputation can get you into trouble. I've always been awed by Bear Bryant of Alabama. If he said, just in passing, that so-and-so could play football, well, I'd be inclined to rate the kid high even if what I was looking at weighed 92 pounds, was five feet tall and kept walking into things.

"So you have to make your own determination. Most scouts look for different things. Roosevelt Brown, who scouts for the Giants, looks for what he calls 'constant competitiveness,' never a guy who plays a quarter and loafs a quarter, but athletes like those Selmon brothers at Oklahoma who stay keyed-up high for an entire game. Attitude is a big thing for some scouts. I can remember Will Walls—one of the great oldtime scouts, the Red Grange of scouts some people call him—telling me about Duane Thomas. He saw him for the first time in a spring alumni game at West Texas State. Thomas carried the ball eight times, four for touchdowns, for a total of 210 yards. And yet his attitude was pitiful, wasn't it? Walls could never figure what had happened—maybe somebody promised Thomas something and had not given it to him.

"I myself put a tremendous premium on toughness," the scout said. "Perhaps more than I should, because an emphasis like that might penalize players who could go on to great things. Jimmy Orr, for example. He may have been different in college, but when I saw him he certainly wasn't anyone you would ascribe toughness to—a pussycat—and yet he was one of the best pass-catchers the Colts ever had."

The scout got up and mixed himself a drink. "Toughness isn't that easy to judge. We have these prospects we call 'Tarzan-Janes'—players who look terrific, built like Tarzans, but then after a while it turns out they play like Janes." He grinned. "There's a lot of terms like



that . . . a whole lingo that's evolved with scouting.

"Let's see. To begin with, everyone's called coach. 'Hey, Coach!' You look around and there's another scout. You shake hands and admire his leather jacket, and when you start talking football, about prospects, you begin talking in this special jargon. You use a lot of initials. 'J.O.P.' That means Jump on the Pile. Very disparaging term. It describes a guy who's never quite in the play and arrives late. 'Aw hell, that guy's just a J.O.P.' Or sometimes he's called a 'Flop-on.' Another one is 'C.O.D.' It stands for Change of Direction. 'The kid's got great C.O.D.' A word you hear a lot is 'quab.' It comes from quickness, agility and balance, which are categories on the Individual Player Form. You come up to a scout and you ask, 'Hey, Harley, how's this kid's quab?'

"The word 'numbers' refers to a guy's height, weight and speed, and you'll hear a scout say, 'I'm going to Boise, Idaho. The boss tells me a guy out there has interesting numbers.'

"Two classes of players that a club wouldn't want to draft are 'tweeners' and

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'hammers.' A tweener is a player whose physical characteristics are just off for every position—too small for tackle but too slow for linebacker. And a hammer is a big, strong, ferocious guy who's too slow. If he gets there he really beats up people, but he can't get there.

"If you want to know how competitive a player is, you ask for a 'gut check.' 'Give me a gut check on this guy.' The answer will be that the kid is or is not a *competitor*. That's the biggest word, competitor. The scout will say, 'This kid is looking for something to hit; if it moves, he hits it. My God, I'm telling you this kid is a *competitor*.'

"The other big word is football. It's never 'This kid can run,' or 'This kid can throw.' It's always 'This kid can run with the football,' or 'This kid can throw the football'—just in case [the scout shook his head in wonderment] there was something *else* he might have his hands on. So you always have to specify that he's playing with a football. You get a couple of scouts on the sidelines, and one of them asks, 'Who are you looking at? Are you looking at someone who can play football?'"

"'Number 32.'"

"'Number 32 can't play football. There ain't but two players here who can play football. One of the kids who can play football is Number 8. He can *kick* the football.'"

"We talk a lot about a guy's physical characteristics," the scout said. "'Can he break down?' It means, 'Can a player attain a good hitting position?' If a couple of scouts are standing on the sidelines looking out, one of them will say, 'Big ol' legs. Nice arms, too. What a specimen.' You hear that a great deal, a specimen. 'That specimen's got a good pop—he's as strong as train smoke.'

"There's a lot about feet. There are three categories: good, adequate and no. A scout will look out and say, 'He ain't got no feet at all.'

"There's talk about hands. He's got 'soft hands,' hands like 'boards,' or hands that ought to be 'on a clock.' If a player's hands are good they're referred to as 'claws.' The fact is scouts look so much at a prospect's physique and what he can do with it, that at times we feel like inspectors from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, getting ready to hit a guy with a rubber stamp."

The scout went on to say that the sort of information that emerges from this jargon is carefully filled in on the Individual Player Form, or the Senior Ability Form (the names vary depending on the organization the scout works for), which the scouts mail to the home office. The forms are complex, designed to make available either by analysis or computer evaluation a near-palpable specimen for the home office to consider.



The average scout traveling in his own car will journey more than 12,000 miles during a season. "We check out quite a variety of places," the scout said. "The facilities differ considerably. You might drive up to a place like the University of Tennessee, pass playing fields with yards and yards of artificial turf laid down to practice on and park in the lot behind a gym the size of an ocean liner, with wide corridors hung with near-lifesize photos of its top athletes. There's a statuary of its 1956 SEC champion team, each player carefully sculpted, and the trophy cases, and you can hear the typewriters going like 60 in the athletic department, and the game films are filed, and the scouts can sit in a conference room in comfort and watch their prospects. Or you may arrive at a little college where you park out along a muddy lane and there's nothing much there . . . you have to *look* to find the college.

"About the two worst athletic facilities in the East are Harvard University's—that's right—and Maryland-Eastern Shore's, which is a small, mostly black college in Somerset County where the saltwater bays come in from the sea. At Harvard the scouts look at films against a wall at the end of a corridor, there's a window right there without a shade, so that films show up ghostly and pale, as if the players were going at it in a snowstorm. The students, carrying their books, walk through the beam of light from the projector, saying 'Excuse me.' It's best for a scout to go to Harvard when the day is very murky so that the film will show up better on the wall. But the coaches are good to visit. They sit with you and lean forward and point out the work of Dan Jiggetts, who is one of the best linemen in the East. Another who should rate high is Don Macek, the fine center at Boston College.

"At Maryland-Eastern Shore this year there wasn't enough money in the athletic budget to allow the taking of game films. But that doesn't keep the scouts from going out across the wooden bridges that rattle under car tires. There's a strong smell of marsh grass—hell, there are places where the scout can expect to

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be poled across a tidal basin in a flat-bottomed ferryboat. A guy can hardly get there from *nowhere*. When he does, he stands on the edge of a practice field where the grass isn't cut and it comes up over the players' shoe tops. But the scouts all go because the school traditionally turns out fine football players: Roger Brown, the 300-pounder who played for Detroit, Johnny Sample, Charlie Stukes, Emerson Boozer. This year the school had a bad season, but it had another fine player in Carl Hairston, a big, fast defensive end. The scouts stood in the tall grass and looked at him. A lot of them went down to the Central Florida Classic on Nov. 29 in Orlando to watch him when Maryland-Eastern Shore played Bethune-Cookman. Bethune-Cookman won 67–0. But Hairston was all over the place that game, knocking down the Bethune people despite that terrible score, and that got him good marks in the gut-check department."

The scout reckoned that during the season more than 150 scouts were on the road checking out the colleges. The vast organization committed to scouting is a relatively new process. The scout said that scouting in the modern sense began with the Rams out on the Coast. Until then the coaching staffs did most of the scouting themselves. They went to college games on Friday nights and Saturday afternoons; they relied on what they could gather from talking to college coaches, what they read in the papers and sporting journals, and even on their mail from college alumni. "Because it was such a very low-pressure operation," the scout said, "the clubs made some whopping mistakes when it came time to draft. In the mid-'50s the Cleveland Browns picked a quarterback in the first round, and when he got to training camp the Browns found that he stuttered. That's right. He'd stand in the huddle and the players'd look at him and he'd say, 'Fl . . . fl . . . fl . . . fl . . .' trying to say flank right something, and then finally the coaches' whistles began to shrill and they discovered what the problem was, which of course any scouting system would have turned up at the start.

"Until things like that happened, no one thought scouting was necessary. One of the main reasons was that there wasn't much need for players. The team limit for a while in the mid-'30s was only 24.

"But then Eddie Kotal, who had been an assistant coach in the Green Bay organization, was asked to scout full time for the Rams. In a couple of years the Rams had such a powerhouse that they had leftover guys like Andy Robustelli who later became All-Pros. So the other teams began to do it. Bucko Kilroy began scouting full time for the Eagles in 1955, and by 1960 they had a championship team."

The scouting process quickly became refined, and at present all the teams in the NFL with the exception of Oakland and Cincinnati not only have their own scouting systems but belong to scouting organizations whose function is to pool information for the use of the member clubs. There are four such systems: Galaxy, CEPO, QUADRA and Blesto.

Each has nearly a dozen scouts. Their services cost a member club about $100,000 a year. The operations are similar, though CEPO is the only one of the combines that pools scouting reports from all its members (the Packers, Giants, Cardinals, Patriots, Browns, Redskins and Falcons) in a procedure called "full disclosure." Each team is privy to information gathered by the others. The advantage of this system is that a great deal of manpower is supplied. Every team scout is morally obligated to tell CEPO at its meetings everything he knows about his prospects. "The CEPO people feel that they'd rather get a tremendous file on each player," the scout said. "Then it's up to the individual club to decide whether he can play Packer football, or fit into the Atlanta organization, or whatever."

The other combines do not function on a system of full disclosure. The member clubs like to think that their own scouts can find them a sleeper, a gargantuan tackle out in the sandlots somewhere, whose abilities they would want to keep very much to themselves until the draft.

Blesto (which serves the Bears, Lions, Eagles, Steelers, Vikings, Colts, Dolphins, Bills and Chiefs) is the combine especially known for its work with a computer; an optimum football specimen is programmed into the machine against which a prospect can be compared and graded. The scout matches the physical characteristics of his prospect on a chart (the computer offers six types of legs, five variations of the upper torso; for defensive tackles, say, it can bracket a height range of 5′10″ to 7 feet) and when the scout has finished feeding this sort of information into the machine, it offers up a final grade on a scale of 0 to 3.1. "We call the machine Big Dummy," the scout said. "Like something that stands in the corner and needs to be fed. I've seen it work. There's an operator who pushes buttons on a control panel. A lot of other things are being figured by Big Dummy at the same time. The day I saw it operating, the computer was also figuring what was called Minimax Strategy for National Guard War Games. The stuff comes out of the machine as printouts. It keeps coming out and folding on itself in a metal basket, yards and yards of information and evaluation. The top mark in the Blesto system is 0, which is perfect. No one would ever get that. Superman himself would lose out; he'd get marked down for wearing a disguise and surely for undressing in phone booths. He'd probably end up with a mark quite a bit above O.J. Simpson, who was an 0.4 and doesn't, so far as we know, have curious habits like that."

The scout motioned with his glass. "But you still need the man who says, 'I don't give a damn what Big Dummy says; this kid can play football.' He'll probably be right.

"The computer misses them. Every free agent who makes a team—and 32 did last year, kids like Johnnie Gray, the rookie who made it as a safety with the Packers—shows the system isn't perfect. There's so much a machine can't define properly. A kid can be a great football player without looking anything like the optimum programmed into the computer. There's no way a computer can field the data fed into it on a player like Don Nottingham, the 'Human Bowling Ball' who plays in the Miami backfield, and not shudder and come up with the same recommendation it did in 1971—that he should be picked just where he was in that draft, number 441, the next to the last guy chosen. Would you draft a Lee Roy Jordan or a Nick Buoniconti? A machine wouldn't. I would. I played against them. The main trouble with Big Dummy is that it can't tell you anything about

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a guy's heart. So many good-looking football players turn out to have hearts the size of marbles. If a scout could only tell, if there was some way that heart could be measured—a white spot in the middle of a player's forehead that gave some indication." He shrugged. "Of course, that would finish off the need for scouts."

Cincinnati and Oakland feel that they can better prepare for the draft by concentrating on their specific needs rather than by digesting computer reports. Much of what a scouting combine provides can be of no use to a team—for example, all that energy to supply information about the nation's quarterbacks when the Cincinnati Bengals have two fine ones of their own (Ken Anderson and John Reaves). So the Bengals and the Raiders fend for themselves. The Cincinnati organization has eight weekend scouts, most of them originally Ohio-based and personal friends of Paul Brown, the recently retired head coach. The operation is marked by a strong family bond. Among them are a tennis-club manager from Nashville, Tenn., a dynamite salesman from Cleveland, an Arkansas cattle rancher and a humanities professor from the Colorado School of Mines who is called "Professor" by his fellow scouts and twitted for the patches he wears on the elbows of his tweed jacket. During the season each scout calls in to Cincinnati on Monday and reports his availability for the next weekend. He will be paid an average of $50 for each college game he scouts. One weekend last fall the dynamite salesman was stuck in Alaska, but he called on the University of Alaska where he had his photograph taken outside the athletic department building. He wanted the home office to know that he was on the job (even though football is not played at the university) and that if there were rumors of an Eskimo placekicker out on the tundra he was in a position to check it out.

The most vociferous disparager of the combine system that the Bengals and Raiders avoid is the legendary Fido Murphy, a Runyonesque figure who scouted on his own for the Bears with considerable success for many years, though he is perhaps best known in football circles for his ceaseless self-promotion. He claims that he invented scouting back in 1933. In fact, he claims responsibility for the combine system itself (he calls the organizations "combos"), which he says he originated in 1965 when Buddy Parker, the Steelers' head coach, suggested that he scout for Pittsburgh as well as Chicago. "That was the start of Blesto," Murphy says. (Actually, the Cowboys, Rams and 49ers had formed a scouting partnership three years earlier.)

Fido also claims the invention of the T formation (he says George Halas brought in Clark Shaughnessy to run it), the blitzing maneuver known as red-dogging, and even to have been the first to establish the 40-yard-sprint distance that scouts use to time prospects. He says, "In 1938 I timed Bill Osmanski at Holy Cross in shorts at 40 yards and in the fall of that year in full football gear. Forty yards seemed right for Osmanski and everybody else."

Fido Murphy's monologues, punctuated with an occasional "Got it?" have a certain Stengelese quality: "The combos are worthless. Their scouts rely too much on the computer. They don't know what you're talking about if you say that the trouble with the guard is that he leaves his foot in the trap. Imagine that! The college coaches know they're no good. They say to me, 'Hey, Fido, nine Blesto scouts were here yesterday and they all want to know who Fido likes.' 'Fido's been around? Oh God, who's he like? Please tell me who he likes?' Got it? I know where there are two defensive linemen like elephants. The Bears won't draft them. They rely too much on Blesto. The computers are beating the Bears. I tell them to stay out of the combos. I know where there's a football player better than Archie Griffin who's an easy first-round draft pick, but the combos won't have the guts to rate the kid high. Of course I'm not going to tell you his name, but I'll tell you he's like Mike Thomas, the little running back for the Washington Redskins. Got it? I know where there are two centers better than Rik Bonness, that kid at Nebraska. The best field-goal kicker I've seen is a mule called Gus who kicks a field goal in the last minute of a Walt Disney film starring my wife. She's made 188 films. Gus plays for a team called the Atoms and he wears a red blanket. The combos'll never pick him up. They rely too much on stopwatches and computers. You have to have the personal touch, to find out if the kid's got heart and character. I rejected Joe Namath when he was at Alabama. I didn't like the way he took his eye off me when a coed went by. I knew O. J. Simpson was going to be great when he ordered a grilled-cheese sandwich in the dining room of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. No pretensions about the guy. Character. Got it? I sent that grilled-cheese sandwich back to the kitchen and ordered him a New York cut steak. I called up John McKay and told him there was this kid at City College of San Francisco, and that's how O. J. went to USC."

The scout laughed. "So you talked to Fido Murphy," he said. "Everyone who is a scout knows Fido. Great character. My theory has always been that Art Rooney of the Steelers and George Halas of the Bears set him up to needle people in the business." The scout grinned and stretched. "You meet all sorts in the scouting business. I like it. Of course, some scouts leave it. I remember Carl Brettschneider, the linebacker who later scouted for the Lions, telling me that one time he took a look at all these scouts—a lot of them ex-head coaches who'd had their day in the sun. They had gathered around a huge tureen of shrimp at the Senior Bowl in Mobile, a rain drifting against the window outside. It always seems to rain when that game is played. And he suddenly knew what these big men with shrimp clutched in one hand and booze in little paper cups in the other were talking about—quabs and Tarzan-Janes and C.O.D.s and whether this guy could hit, and then after a while they would begin talking about why they weren't head coaches anymore and how their careers had been soured by the press and the fans and their players. Losers, that's what these men were, and Brettschneider got so upset thinking about it that he quit scouting and went into the jewelry business.

"Aw, it must have been the rain in Mobile that did it," the scout went on. "It's a good fraternity of people. There's glamour in it. You can stand around at a cocktail party with a lot of automotive VIPs and if it gets around that you're a football scout, you've got instant-celebrity status. The pay's good—$18,000 and up.

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The Scout continued

But you've got to love football. If you are around scouts, what else is there to talk about except football? Sometimes you pick an all-star team of the worst players in the NFL and you kid a guy if he touted any of them. They're good people—great ex-head coaches like Jim Lee Howell of the Giants and Red Hickey of the 49ers, great players like Harley Sewell, Rosie Brown, guys who got into it from high school and college coaching and built their reputations as scouts by having great eyes for talent, and then there are the people just starting off, like DonnyAnderson and Bill Curry from the Packers.

"You meet them on the road and you sit and visit. It makes the travel easier. That's the worst thing about scouting, the travel. Motels. Not a surprise in any of them. No 30-year-old 19-year-old blondes in the lobbies. No surprises in the motel rooms either. The purple bedspreads. The paper band across the toilet. Those huge brown lamps. I finally reckoned, after years of staring at those lamps, why they're so big—it's to keep scouts from taking them apart, packing them up and bringing them home. They're mammoth. An average Ramada Inn lamp would rate an easy 0.9 in the Individual Player Form in several categories: stamina, toughness, balance—they are nailed down half the time—durability, poise. . . ."

The scout began to talk about the more agreeable aspects. It was awkward for him. The best moments were when someone he had seen on a practice field, or among the welter of shapes moving against the screen, or the pinned-up sheet in the motel room, made him lean forward, the words already forming in his mind how he would describe this phenomenon to the home office, play after play verifying what he had in mind. And then having his opinion realized and perhaps hearing the name of the player coming over the car radio a year or so later, perhaps the star player now and being interviewed before a Sunday afternoon game, and the scout would say aloud to himself as he drove (there was never anyone *else* in the car, so he could not be embarrassed), "I'm telling you that kid would hit anything that moved, always did, and I said from the very first time I ever saw him on that crazy little practice field that he was a *competitor*." **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 19-25

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Last-place New York has played catch-up in the Atlantic Division since Dec. 12th, when its record stood at 8-19 and it was 12 games behind first-place Philadelphia. On Friday the Knicks recovered from a 19-point deficit to beat the now second-place 76ers 104–92 and move within 5½ games of them. The next night Walt Frazier and Spencer Haywood each scored 22, and the Knicks made it six straight wins (16 in the last 20 games) by downing the Pistons 117–100 and improved their record to 24-23. George McGinnis scored his 1,000th point in a 34-point effort, which lifted the 76ers past Atlanta 130–116. The Celtics, winners in five of their last six games, beat Buffalo 135–107 and led the Atlantic by 2½ games. Cleveland changed its starting lineup for the first time this season in a 132–89 drubbing of Milwaukee. Campy Russell replacing Bobby Smith, who had started in 219 straight games and was visiting his ailing mother. Russell scored 22 points to give the Cavs their fourth win in a row and put them one game behind Central leader Washington. New Orleans plummeted to the cellar, losing 102–93 to Chicago and 109–86 to Washington. Bob Dandridge scored a career-high 40 points in a 113–97 Buck defeat of Kansas City, and when the Pistons lost 108–91 to Boston and then to New York, Milwaukee led by a full game over Detroit. Chicago (*page 20*) lost its fourth straight, 100–86, to Atlanta and remained six games out of first. Bill Walton commanded the Pacific's attention, outclassing Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in points (27–26) and rebounds (22–10) in a 119–96 Portland defeat of Los Angeles. The Blazers also pinned a 125–123 overtime defeat on Golden State, with Walton scoring 28 and pulling down 26 rebounds. The Warriors still are 10½ games ahead of the Lakers and 15 in front of last-place Portland.

ABA. Bill Musselman resigned as Virginia's coach after nine weeks and a 4-22 record and G.M. Jack Ankerson took over for two games. In the second, Squire Guard Ticky Burden, benched by Musselman, scored 21 points in a 128–117 defeat of St. Louis, ending a 13-game Squire losing streak. Zelmo Beaty, 34, who played for seven years in the NBA and four in the ABA, signed on as the Squires' third coach this season. He "won" his first "game," a replay of the last 19.05 of a game with New York on Jan. 7 protested by the Nets, 107–100. In the regularly scheduled meeting, New York beat Virginia 94–85. Bo Lamar was the high scorer for Indiana, getting 40 in a 132–128 overtime defeat of St. Louis and 23 in the second half of a 116–113 rematch victory. Kentucky moved into third place by winning three games while San Antonio was dropping two, 131–123 to Denver and 106–103 to Kentucky. Moses Malone joined St. Louis but failed to uphft the Spirits, who lost to Indiana, their sixth straight defeat. Ex-Spirit Gus Gerard started for Denver in place of flu-stricken Bobby Jones and scored 16 points and pulled down 21 rebounds as the Nugget regulars, David Thompson and Dan Issel, combined for 57 points in the victory over San Antonio that kept Denver atop the league, three games in front of New York.

BOXING—GEORGE FOREMAN knocked out Ron Lyle in the fifth round of their heavyweight fight at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas (*page 18*).

GOLF—BEN CRENSHAW won the Crosby by firing a fourth-round three-under-par 69 to top Mike Morley by two strokes at Pebble Beach, Calif. (*page 12*).

PRO HOCKEY—NHL. The last time the Washington Capitals had won was on Nov. 26, when they beat Los Angeles. They had a chance to set the record for consecutive winless games, but after blowing a 3–0 lead Washington eked out a 7–5 victory over the defenseless New Yorkers and were happy to share the record at 25 successive no-wins with a Ranger team that accomplished the feat in two seasons (1943-44 and 1944-45). With that win, Washington moved to within 61 points of Norris leader Montreal, whose scoring aces Guy Lafleur (second in the league) and Pete Mahovlich (fourth) each got three more points in a 4–3 win over Pittsburgh. The Islanders got out of a second-place tie with Atlanta in the Patrick Division by beating Washington 5–2 and then stomped the Red Wings 8–1 as the Potvin brothers combined for five goals, Jean scoring three. Denis moved into the scoring lead among defensemen (21 goals and 38 assists) with his second straight four-point game. Philadelphia still leads the division by 10 points despite a 5–3 loss to Montreal. Kansas City Coach Bep Guidolin resigned and G.M. Sid Abel stepped in to lead the Scouts to their 10th straight loss, 4–2 to St. Louis. Chicago played to its 16th tie, 3–3 with the Rangers, retaining a 12 point edge in the Smythe over Vancouver. Boston widened its Adams Division lead over Buffalo to four points with a 5–3 win over the Sabres.

WHA. New England acquired Ralph Backstrom from Ottawa, and the center's 22nd goal of the season sent the Whalers into overtime against Phoenix. The eventual 4–4 tie was enough to boost New England's lead over Cincinnati in the East Division to seven points, a margin that was reduced to four later in the week when the two teams met and the Stingers won 6–3. In between, Cincinnati had been beaten 4–3 by last-place Indianapolis when Racer Hugh Harris scored with 36 seconds left to end a four-game losing streak, and New England had lost 9–3 to Houston and had to settle for another overtime tie 2–2, with third-place Cleveland. In the West, San Diego held on to second place by beating Minnesota 7–1. Houston's domination of the division continued. Ron Grahame getting his third shutout by turning away 33 shots in a 2–0 victory over Calgary, a penaltyless game. In the Canadian Division, Winnipeg's Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson scored third-period goals in a 4–2 defeat of Edmonton, which lost for the 11th time in 14 games. The defeat was the first for interim Coach Bill Hunter, the Oilers' G.M., who took over when Clare Drake was dismissed. Winnipeg remains atop the division, leading Quebec by eight points.

MOTOR SPORTS—Defending Formula I champion NIKI LAUDA of Austria, driving a Ferrari 312 T, won the Brazilian Grand Prix, first stop in the 1976 series, beating Patrick Depailler of France in a Tyrrell-Ford 007 at Interlagos Race Track in São Paulo by 21.47 seconds.

SKIING—World Cup point leader ROSI MITTERMAIER won her first cup race this season, the special slalom at Badgastein, Austria. In men's competition at Kitzbuhel, leader INGEMAR STENMARK won his third slalom of the season.

TENNIS—ARTHUR ASHE beat Vitas Gerulaitis 6-2, 6-7, 6-4 for his second straight WCT win and extended his victory streak to eight matches.

ILIE NASTASE defeated Jeff Borowiak 6–2, 6–4 to win the WCT Phoenix Cup in Atlanta.

CHRIS EVERT downed Virginia Wade 6–2, 6–1 to win the $75,000 Washington Women's professional tournament in Landover, Md.

JIMMY CONNORS defeated Roscoe Tanner 6–4, 3–6, 6–1 to win the $50,000 Birmingham International Tournament.

TOM GORMAN upset top-seeded Ilie Nastase 7–5, 6–3 to win the $12,000 first prize in the Baltimore International in Catonsville, Md.

TRACK & FIELD—TADEUSZ SLUSARSKI of Poland broke Kjell Isaksson's European indoor pole-vault record by one-half inch, clearing 17'11" at the Bicentennial Track Classic in Philadelphia.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: ROBIN ROBERTS, 49, and BOB FEEMON, 55, to the Baseball Hall of Fame. Roberts was a six-time 20-game winner with the Phillies from 1950-55, and had a 286-245 lifetime record and a 3.41 ERA. Lemon pitched for Cleveland from 1946-58, winning 20 games in seven seasons, he had a 207-128 lifetime record and a 3.23 ERA.

HIRED: HARLAND SVARE, 45, general manager of the San Diego Chargers since 1971. Svare also coached the club from mid-1971 to 1973.

HIRED: HOMER RICE, 48, as head football coach at Rice University. Rice had been the athletic director at the University of North Carolina.

HIRED: To coach the New Orleans Saints, HANK STRAM, 52, former coach of the Kansas City Chiefs. Stram reportedly signed a five-year $1 million contract.

HIRED: RON MEYER, 34, as head football coach at Southern Methodist University, after three years at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas, where he guided the Rebels to a 27-8 record.

PLACED ON PROBATION: By the NCAA the MICHIGAN STATE football team for three seasons, because of recruiting violations. The Spartans will not be permitted to go to bowl games or to appear on television.

DIED: GERTRUD GABL, 27, of Austria, the 1969 World Cup ski champion, in an avalanche, near St. Anton.

DIED: PAUL ROBESON, 77, singer, actor, political and racial activist and a two-time All-America in football at Rutgers (1917–18), of a severe cerebral vascular disorder, in Philadelphia.

CREDITS

13—Sheedy & Long. Tony Triolo. **14, 15**—Tony Triolo. 20—John Iacono; Manny Millan. **28, 29**—Helmut Gritschar. **30**—Eric Schweikardt, Jerry Cooke; **37**—Jerry Cooke. **38, 39**—Heinz Kluetmeier, Tony Triolo. 121. **40**—Helmut Gritschar. **45**—Graham Finlayson. **46, 47**—Jerry Cooke (3), Helmut Gritschar. **48**—Co Rentmeester. **50**—Jerry Cobluck. **54**—Tony Triolo. **58, 61**—Mickey Pfleger. **77**—Robert W. Dufek, Joe D'Adamo.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARY BETH COSGROVE, a senior at Kingswood-Oxford School in West Hartford, Conn., was leading scorer on the undefeated (11-0) varsity girls' soccer team. A right wing, she scored 15 goals, including six game winners and her team's only hat trick.



EDDIE SCHLOSSER, 8, of Rockville, Md., broke the World Prep boys' (7-to-9-year-old division) record held by Sean Davis of Baltimore by rolling a three-game duckpin series of 434 in Rockville, Md. His string of 152–155–127 bettered the old record by 28 pins.



CORNELIUS WARMERDAM, 60, head track coach at Fresno State, won the Masters decathlon at Glendale, Calif. with 4,328 points to better the world 60-and-over record by 290 points. Warmerdam's world pole-vault record of 15'7¾" stood for 15 years.



ART ALLEN, a service station owner from Swisher, Iowa, placed first in the International Sweepstakes Sled Dog races at Ashland, Wis. During the two days of competition Allen mushed 12 sled dogs across 28 miles in one hour, 54 minutes and 33.5 seconds.



MARK MICHAEL, an eighth-grader at Friends School in Baltimore, ranked No. 1 nationally in 1975 in his 11-12 age group in the 50- and 100-yard backstroke and the 50- and 100-yard butterfly. His time in the 50 back (27.58) and 50 fly (26.23) are U.S. records.



JILL RANKIN, a senior at Phillips (Texas) High, scored 81 points in an 87–80 defeat of Malakoff High in the Duncanville Basketball Invitational, breaking her own tournament record of 71 points. The 6'2¾" center is averaging 45 points a game this season.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TWIN BILL

Sir:

Normally it takes a great deal to get me to pass up articles by Dan Jenkins and John Underwood, but once again Jule Campbell's swimsuit feature and the photographs by Kourken Pakchanian (*Taking a Shine to a Resort with New Glitter*, Jan. 19) have provided the impetus. Now, with the pages of the Baja section amply frayed, I can go back to the Jenkins and Underwood reports.

BILL BRYANT

Athens, Ga.

Sir:

The Sylvander twins are the greatest sibling act since the Selmons.

BARRY D. GANGWER

Oklahoma City

Sir:

A Pulitzer Prize for Photographer Kourken Pakchanian. Your cover can't jinx those two.

MARK CASHIN

Cohocs, N.Y.

Sir:

Do you people have any conception at all of what pictures like those of Yvette and Yvonne Sylvander do to male college students stuck studying in January in Lewiston, Maine? I mean, do you?

MARK O'CONNELL

Lewiston, Maine

Sir:

Which way to the beach?

SETH HAMMER

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

I object. It's ridiculous to think the editors of SI would give two bathing beauties the cover spot when such a spectacular event as the Soviet-Flyer game had taken place. When it comes to sports action give me Schultz and Clarke over Yvette and Yvonne every time.

CRIST O. WILKINS

Grand Blanc, Mich.

Sir:

Take these pictures to your teen-age boy. I don't want them at my house. Why do you want to put pictures of girls without clothes on in a sports magazine? No wonder the country is in the mess it is in.

MRS. ROY TROUSDALE

Rogersville, Ala.

Sir:

You break faith with each one of your readers when you put out issues like this.

C. W. ALLEN

Madison, N.J.

Sir:

Kindly cancel our subscription.

SISTER MARY FRANCES

Trumbull Catholic Regional School

Trumbull, Conn.

Sir:

I do not wish to cancel my subscription.

R. J. HAIDINGER

Rutherford, N.J.

Sir:

As an elementary school principal, I would like to say I do *not* believe Cheryl Tiegs represents a threat to the morals of American youth. I am a transplanted Buckeye in this land of the maize and blue, and somehow she even makes Ohio State's Rose Bowl defeat seem inconsequential.

MICHAEL WALLS

Romeo, Mich.

Sir:

The majority of SI readers are no doubt male, and since there were no pictures of men in bathing suits, I assume your (un)coverage will continue to cater to this majority and wise women will drop their subscriptions.

PEGGY JOHNSTON

Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

Call me a male chauvinist, but I feel Yvette, Yvonne, Christie Brinkley and Cheryl Tiegs are the most beautiful young ladies ever to appear in any major magazine.

TOM ELVERSON

Nantucket, Mass.

Sir:

Regarding the LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (Jan. 19), this was Cheryl Tiegs' fifth appearance in your annual swimsuit issue ('70, '72, '74, '75, '76), not her fourth. Her absence in '71 and '73 shows your shocking disregard of your readers' best interests.

PAUL JOHNSON

Boston

Sir:

Sun, sand, surf, swimsuits and sirens are all well and good, but yours is, after all, a sports magazine and I feel you have failed to answer some vital questions:

1) Yvette is beautiful, but can she go to her left?

2) Yvonne is super, but can she hit major league pitching?

3) Cheryl is lovely, but can she audible the blitz?

4) Christie is a doll, but can she consistently sink seven-footers?

5) Who cares?

Thanks. I needed that issue.

JIM MILLER

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

Damn the irate subscribers; full speed ahead.

TOM SQUITIERI

Lower Burrell, Pa.

Sir:

In spite of a few chauvinistic remarks about how it can "teach a man or boy the toughness of the desert," I really *enjoyed* Robert F. Jones' article on Baja. What worries me, though, is that such a vivid account of all the fun to be had down there is going to inspire hordes of "intrepid" adventurers to swarm over a land that isn't ready for them. Despite all those images of toughness and fierceness conjured up in most of us, the desert is actually a very frail place, acutely sensitive to man's mechanical encroachments. I am sorry that Mr. Jones did not add a few words of caution.

TOM SHELTON

Arlington, Va.

BOUQUETS

Sir:

In response to your question in SCORECARD (Jan. 12) referring to the European UPI poll that selected male and female athletes of the year for the entire world, João Oliveira is a Brazilian Army corporal. In the 1975 Pan-Am Games he won the long jump at 26' 10½" and set a world record of 58' 8¼" in the triple jump. As to who Nadia Comaneci is, I guess I'm a male chauvinist.

SAUL NEWMAN

Far Rockaway, N.Y.

Sir:

To answer your question: Nadia Comaneci is a fantastic young gymnast from Rumania who did such a great job competing in European matches that she is considered to be much better than Olga Korbut ever was or will be. I'm not sure if she has competed against the Russians, but she should do well against them in Montreal.

continued

"If this musical runs long enough to generate word of mouth, the word is likely to be 'blah.'"



'It is not clear how the notion entered the producers' heads that the saga of Joan of Arc had the makings of a musical comedy. At that crazed moment, they should have consulted an exorcist.'

Consumerism in the arts; or, theatergoing made safe.

Over the years, TIME has become famous for the independence of its critical eye. And for its ability to administer a good, sound spanking when it seemed appropriate.

Indeed, TIME's film and theater criticism is characteristically so brimful of personal enthusiasm, both pro and con, that people tell us they have gone to see bad plays precisely because TIME condemned them so interestingly.

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As for João Oliveira, I can't pronounce his name, much less know him.

GARY BAILEY

Moline, Ill.

DAVIS CUP

Sir:

Thank you for the fair and accurate treatment of the U.S. vs. Mexico Davis Cup competition as reported in SCORECARD (Jan. 5). It was unfair to Mexico's inspired performance for others to state that Mexico should not have won.

Our U.S. players took the match very seriously and tried especially hard, perhaps even too hard. The officiating was excellent and extremely fair to the U.S. It just happened that at that particular time and under those particular conditions the Mexican team was better.

STANLEY MALLESS
President
United States Lawn Tennis Assn.

New York

SOLUTIONS

Sir:

Since we won't have any peace until the matter of the TV replay for disputed NFL calls is settled, I offer this suggestion.

A coach who wishes to challenge a call may do so, but only by using one of his team's time-outs. The officials would then gather in front of a sideline network TV monitor, and the alleged infraction would be replayed from all angles. The officials would make their decision, and the call would either be sustained or changed. However, if the officials felt that the available video tape precluded a clear-cut determination, the original call would stand.

This makes the appeal costly enough not to be abused, lessens the delay of the game and should stop some of the Monday morning second-guessing.

MICHAEL S. GREEN

Severn, Md.

Sir:

I would like to present what I feel is a possible solution to the problem of the reserve clauses in baseball and football. The owners and the players associations should negotiate maximum team salaries. The players would then have complete freedom to move between teams, but the richer owners could not buy up all the best talent, since they would be limited by the amount they could spend for the entire team.

There could be a sliding scale with teams whose players' average years of experience are higher allowed a slightly higher total team salary. The negotiators could include other variables under this basic plan. Of course, the system would have to be policed to prevent under-the-counter payoffs, off-season employment, etc.

But whatever compromise is reached, I hope to read more sports reporting and less court reporting.

DAVID E. EOELSCHICK

Marquette Heights, Ill.

MASTER BROWNE

Sir:

Admittedly, Walter Browne's extraordinary abilities and unyielding desire to be the best are commendable (*Making All the Right Moves*, Jan. 12). Nonetheless, Ray Kennedy's lucid description of Browne's personality and life-style is compelling enough to overshadow any and all of his miraculous accomplishments. Diverted by his bona fide championship talents and his boundless energy, it becomes too easy for one to ignore Browne's undeniable belligerence.

Had he remained in school, naturally lamenting the fact that "school is for the masses, not for geniuses," Browne might have become a bit more socialized. Maybe Harnessing his foam-at-the-mouth killer instincts, and remolding that ogrelike character might not have been a bad idea.

PETER J. KAPLAN

Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

As one who has spent untold hours poring over scores of agonizing losses, glorious wins and tortuous draws, I was truly grateful to see a piece describing chess players as other than the boring, intellectual stereotypes so often depicted by journalists and other non-chess-playing members of our society.

Chess is the only board game which is almost totally devoid of the element of luck. Only iron logic determines the outcome. Therefore it comes as no surprise that Browne has also mastered poker, backgammon, Scrabble and other, more socially attuned games. He is simply applying the same techniques learned on the chessboard to his other endeavors.

It is tragic to see great young masters such as Browne, Rogoff and others having to scrape up poker winnings and life savings to be able to compete in international tournaments. The Soviets, meanwhile, send their players around the world at government expense in order to guard their reputation of having the strongest players in the world.

Perhaps in 1978, if Browne or the still-dangerous Fischer can beat Karpov for the world title, Americans will afford chess masters their rightful position among the highest intellectual artists in society.

RALPH E. ALOEN

Phoenix, Ariz.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TV service technicians give their opinion about Zenith:

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith	36%
Brand A	20%
Brand B	10%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	6%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.



II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 (38% vs. 15%) over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the least repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A	15%
Brand C	6%
Brand D	4%
Brand B	3%
Brand I	2%
Brand F	2%
Brand E	2%
Brand G	1%
Brand H	1%
Other Brands	4%
About Equal	14%
Don't Know	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

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